

GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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TOM GALE CLINGING DESPERATELY TO ONE OF THE HARPOONS IN THE WHALE'S BACK, AS THE LEVIATHAN RUSHED AWAY AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED.

TOM GALE'S RIDE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

TOM GALE, a boy who was with us when I was mate of the ship Warren, was a comical character. I think that when he was fairly on shipboard, the people of his neighborhood must have experienced a sense of relief.

It is quite probable, however, that they predicted his speedy return. They could hardly have believed that he would remain with the ship during the entire voyage of three years. No; I am quite sure that they must have expected him by the very first homeward bound vessel that he could get on board of.

Had Tom Gale ever continued at any task until it was finished? Hadn't he gone to work, time and again, for some farmer, expecting to remain a month, and get home the next night? Was it likely that he would go through all the drudgery of a whaling voyage, returning in the same ship in which he went out?

There were a few of us on board the Warren who had known Tom from babyhood, and we could not regard him as an acquisition of much value. True, he was bright enough and active enough, but his energies, both mental and physical, had

always been employed in the way of mischief; and his nature appeared to partake more of the monkey type than the human.

We did not believe that Tom would ever amount to much anywhere, though we thought it wise in his folks to give him a long sea bath.

They could try it on him, at all events. It would be better than keeping him at home, where he would spend his time in teasing old Fan, the shrill-voiced witch, who lived down by the shipyard, or putting skunks under the schoolhouse, or stripping some poor old horse like a zebra, with black and white paint, as it stood hitched to a post in the evening, or putting on white gloves and a beaver, exactly like those worn by dandish lawyer Spriggs, and then strutting along close behind that individual,

with an exact imitation of his manner, much to the amusement of the spectators.

Some of us called to mind the occasion when Tom made peace with old Fan by presenting her with a lot of nice large chips from the shipyard, and then, climbing upon the roof of her low hut, put a board over the chimney, so that she was almost suffocated with the smoke.

Such tricks he would now have to lay aside; for should he attempt them among a crew of sailors, he would soon be made sick of the fun.

The ship lay down the bay for a week before going to sea—Tom being sometimes on board of her, and sometimes on shore. He was as fond of going aloft as any other monkey.

"Some of these greenhorns," he said to

me one day, "think I shall be afraid to go out on a yard when we get off Cape Horn. Well, see whether I shall or not. Didn't you ever read of 'Little Jack,' the captain's son, and how he stood on the main truck? It's in the schoolbook. Well, I don't think what he did was worth making such a fuss about. If the truck had been only two feet high, anybody could have stood on it; and I don't see how its being fifty times as high could make any difference."

The next day, as some of us were pulling off to the ship, we saw what appeared to be a black ball away up at the head of the main royal-mast. In a minute or two it was discovered to be a human being. The form rose slowly to an erect position and stood fairly upon the truck!

The sight made a thrill run through all our nerves. We knew at once that the reckless fellow thus standing in mid air could be no other than Tom Gale. But what a situation! more than a hundred feet high, with only the empty atmosphere about him; and standing upon that small, circular bit of wood, not six inches in diameter! It was really awful.

He remained thus for perhaps a minute; and we were hoping he would spring out into the air, as "Little Jack" is represented to have done, and so strike the water feet foremost. But Tom had a plan of his own; he did not take "Little Jack's" downward rush and consequent ducking.

Steeping carefully, he made a light spring backward, and the instant his feet were clear of the truck, caught it with both hands. All this, while he was as high above the ship's deck as the ball on a church steeple is above the street sidewalk below!

No doubt his safety lay in his utter fearlessness, which enabled him to do, at this prodigious height, all that he could have done had the mast been only a gate post. The captain, when informed of the incident, lectured him severely for the fool-hardy act.

But although the feat was not praiseworthy in itself, it showed the possession of a native courage worthy of cultivation.

After we got to sea he certainly betrayed a gleam of feeling which we could not have looked for in one so wild. He was a little homesick, as well as seasick, and his allusions to those he had left behind were sometimes really pathetic.

When he had fully recovered from his depression, the aptitude with which he applied himself to his new duties was really surprising. The wildling tree of his character seemed for the first time to be grafted with a definite purpose. He had taken it into his head that some day he would be captain of a ship. He would climb up to that position just as he had climbed to the main truck.

He was at last the right boy in the right place. Never before had he been set to any task in which he felt an interest, or in the pursuit of which he could see any important object. But this was now changed; it was easy to do that for which he had a natural liking; and if he were to do it at all, why not do it with the highest possible object in view?

Of course Tom Gale was still Tom Gale at the bottom; but he was like an old ship built over—the model was there, but the timbers and spars were new. He would often play sly jokes on his shipmates, but never in a way to do any real injury, while the humor of his acts and words was so irresistible that he was easily forgiven.

When we had been out two years, Tom was a thorough sailor. There was no duty of a foremast hand which he did not know how to perform. Yet all this while we had "greenies" on board who could no more splice a rope or take a difficult knot than on the day when the ship weighed anchor.

At the end of this time, we lost a boat-steerer in the Arctic seas—killed by a whale—and Tom Gale was appointed to take his place.

The very first pull which our boats made after this was in chase of an immense whale, which all the ships about us had endeavored to capture, but in vain. Even that day the boats of two or three of our consorts were out after him, but he stove several of them, and the rest gave up the chase.

We had not much hope of getting a chance at him, and besides, as we had no boats to spare, we really began to think that it would be for our interest to let him alone.

However, just as my own boat, to which Tom belonged, was pulling around the point of a large ice field, up the old fellow came, right ahead of us, shooting half his length out of water. He was so close that

we distinctly felt the swell raised by his huge bulk as he fell prone upon the waves.

"Pull, pull, men!" I whispered; "easy, easy—no noise! Stand up, Tom!"

The boat ran square upon the monster, just forward of his "small," the part between the body and the tail, and Tom let him have both "irons." There were other harpoons—the lost property of various ships—sticking up in his back, like pegs on a cribbage board, so that ours were hardly noticeable among them.

We "sterned" as quickly as possible, but, in so doing, put the boat in precisely the position to receive the full force of a blow. The entire boarding of the bottom appeared to crack, and boat, oars, tubs and men were thrown into the air.

The whale had swept his "flukes" around in such a manner that instead of flinging us from him, they had tossed us towards him—the extremity of his tail having been out beyond the boat.

Five of us dropped in the water, but the sixth person landed fairly on the leviathan's back, among the grove of harpoon poles—and that person was Tom Gale.

A dozen coils of line from one of our tubs fell upon him and over the harpoons; and while he was trying to disentangle himself, the whale started at full run. Tom seized one of the poles for support, but the harpoon, which had probably been for a long time in the creature's back, had worked so loose that it drew out.

The boy boat-steerer freed himself from the entangling line; and then, had he not been Tom Gale, he would at once have leaped from his strange steed, but this it was not in Tom's nature to do. One of his old freaks seized him; and he had the recklessness to remain sitting astride the whale's back, with the water boiling about him as the creature rushed on. In one hand he held the loose harpoon, and with the other clung to one of those which were fast.

The temerity of the act was astonishing. At any moment the whale might go down a hundred fathoms deep, either drawing him under water or leaving him to flounder at the surface. But he was "in for it," as he afterwards said, and meant to see where the affair would end.

As we lay on the wreck of our boat, we could see him borne away as if the very sea god himself were giving him a ride over the deep.

At length he disappeared from our view altogether—for a person lying flat on the water cannot see far along its surface—and, of course, we gave him up for lost. We, too, were in great danger of being lost ourselves, for not one of our boats was visible, and our shipmates could know nothing of our disaster.

Great then was our joy, an hour or two later, to see the captain's boat pulling straight toward us—and the reader may imagine the surprise we felt to perceive Tom Gale standing up in her, apparently as sound in body as ever!

Had we been able to do so, we would have given three cheers, but we were too far gone for that, so we had only to lie still and wait as patiently as we could till they picked us up.

"Tom," I exclaimed, as soon as I could speak, "where is that whale?"

"Dead, sir, out here about three miles off. He hove to at last, and I churned him to death with a harpoon."

"It is a fact," added the captain; "this fellow actually killed that whale by standing on the animal's back and churning with the harpoon just as we churn with a lance. He put it away into the creature's life. Why, Mr. Brown, he rode three miles on that old blackskin! It's the most wonderful thing I ever knew."

We pulled along close by the dead whale, where he was lying with the small "waif" or flag, which whalers use, fluttering above his back to mark his position.

"All I had to do," said the captain, "was to come up and 'waif' him, for he was as dead as a marlinespike. Well, Tom has found a new way of killing whales, and I guess we shall fill up in short order after this."

Next day the leviathan was "cut in," and proved to be by far the largest whale we had taken on the voyage.

A few weeks later, the Warren was headed for home, where she arrived after a prosperous passage, with four thousand barrels of oil and twenty-eight thousand pounds of bone.

Tom Gale continued in the whaling business, and his third voyage saw him captain of a ship. His wild energy, directed in the proper channel, had carried him to the goal of his ambition.

CAT-TAILS.

CLEAR, dark and cool the shallow pool
Lies underneath the summer sky,
Low rippling in the sedge grass
As wayward winds go trooping by;
While bladed flags bend low to greet
The blue-veined lilies resting there,
And high above their drooping heads
The cat-tails drink the summer air.
Across the pool, with flimsy wings,
The "devil's darning needles" fly,
And deep among the shady flags
The croaking frogs securely lie;
A red-winged blackbird's liquid notes
Sound clear and sweet, "co-chee! co-chee!"
And in the breezes' cradling arms
The cat-tails rock in airy glee.

[This story commenced in No. 230.]

The Young Acrobat of the Great North American Circus

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "Bob Burton," "The Young Circus Rider," "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KIT AS A TRAPEZE PERFORMER.

IN the evening the tent was full. Very few knew of the change in the programme. Mr. Barlow had consented to the substitution with some reluctance, for he feared that Kit might be undertaking something beyond his power to perform. Even the Vincenti brothers, Kit's associates, were surprised when the manager came forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mlle. Lefroy is indisposed, and will be unable to perform her act this evening. Unwilling to disappoint the public, we have substituted one of our youngest and most daring performers, who will appear in her place."

When Kit came out, his young face glowing with excitement, and made his bow, the crowd of spectators greeted him with enthusiastic applause. His fellow actors joined in the ovation. They feared he had overrated his ability, but were ready to applaud his pluck.

Now was the time, if any, for Kit to grow nervous, and show stage fright. But he felt none. The sight of the eager faces around him only stimulated him. He caught the rope which hung down from the trapeze, and quickly climbing up poised himself on his elevated perch.

He did not allow himself to look down, but strove to shut out the sight of the hundreds of upturned faces, and proceeded to perform his act as coolly as if he were in a gymnasium, only six feet from the ground instead of thirty.

It is not to be supposed that Kit, who was a comparative novice, could equal Mlle. Louise Lefroy, who had been cultivating her specialty for ten years. He went through several feats, however, hanging from the trapeze with his head down, then quickly recovering himself and swinging by his hands. The public was disposed to be pleased, and, when the act was finished, gave him a round of applause.

Mr. Barlow saw him as he made his exit from the arena.

"You did yourself credit, my boy!" he said; "and saved us the awkwardness of apologizing for an omitted act. Is Mlle. Lefroy seriously indisposed?"

"No, sir; I think she will be able to appear to-morrow."

"It is a caprice, then?"

"No; there was a person among the spectators who would have recognized her, and whom she did not care to meet."

"That is her own affair. Most of our performers have some mystery, or romance, which I never wish to inquire into. If anything should prevent her appearing to-morrow, will you again become her substitute?"

"Yes, sir; with pleasure."

"Thank you; you will lose nothing by being obliging."

In the outer inclosure Kit met the two Vincenti brothers.

"Look here, Kit," said Alonzo, "you are eclipsing us. When did you learn your act on the trapeze?"

"I have been practicing some in my leisure moments. Besides, I could do a little on it in the gymnasium."

"You were cut out for the circus. You will be a star."

"I hope so, but not a star of the circus."

"Did you know Signor Oponto, of the Havana circus, was here this evening? He watched you very closely. Perhaps he will offer you an engagement."

Kit laughed, and treated it as a joke, but it all came true.

Later in the evening a small man, with a very dark complexion, and keen, black eyes, approached him as he was standing near the lion's cage.

"Is this Luigi Vincenti?" he asked. This was Kit's circus name. He passed for a brother of Alonzo and Antonio Vincenti.

"Yes, sir," answered Kit.

"I saw your trapeze act this evening," he went on. "It was very good."

"Thank you, sir. You know, perhaps, that I am not a trapeze performer. I only appeared in place of Mlle. Lefroy, who is indisposed."

"So I understand; but you do very well for a boy. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"You are the youngest performer in the profession—on the trapeze, I mean."

"I am only an amateur," said Kit, modestly.

"Then you are a remarkably promising one. Do you know who I am?"

"Are you Signor Oponto? I heard that you were here."

"Yes; I am at the head of a large circus in Havana. My visit to the United States is partly to secure additional talent. How long are you engaged to Mr. Barlow?"

"For no definite time. I suppose I shall remain till the end of the season."

"You have no engagements beyond?"

"No, sir; this is my first season with any circus, and I am not known outside of this show."

"Then I will make you an offer. I don't want to take you from Mr. Barlow, but when the season is over I shall be ready to arrange for your appearance in Havana under my personal management."

Kit was astonished. It seemed strange to him that he should find himself in demand among circus managers. Only a few weeks since he was a schoolboy, with no object in view except to make a creditable record in his studies.

Though Kit was modest he was human. He did feel flattered to find himself rated so high. It even occurred to him that he might like to be regarded as a star in circus circles, to be the admiration of circus audiences, and to be regarded with wondering awe by boys of his own age throughout the country. But Kit was also a sensible boy.

After all, this preeminence was only of a physical character. A great acrobat or trapeze artist has no recognized place in society, and his ambition is of a low character. He remembered what Mlle. Louise Lefroy had told him, that she was not willing to have her child see her perform, or even know in what way she gained the money that paid for his education. While these considerations were presenting themselves to his mind, Signor Oponto stood by in silence, waiting for his answer. He thought that Kit's hesitation was due to pecuniary considerations.

"What salary does Mr. Barlow pay you?" he asked, in a business-like tone.

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"I will give you fifty, and engage you for a year."

He regarded Kit intently to see how this proposal struck him.

"You are very liberal, Signor Oponto," Kit began, but the manager interrupted him.

"I will also pay your board," he added; "and of course defray your expenses to Havana. Is that satisfactory?"

"It would be very much so but for one thing."

"What is that?"

"I doubt whether I shall remain in the business after this season."

"Why not? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, very well; but I prefer to follow some profession of a literary character. I am nearly prepared for college, and I may decide to continue my studies."

"But even your college students devote most of their time to baseball and rowing, I hear."

"Not quite so bad as that," answered Kit, with a smile.

"You won't refuse definitely, I hope."

"No; it may be that I may feel obliged to remain in the business. In that case I will give you the preference."

"That is all I can expect. Here is my card. Whenever you are ready, write to me, and your communication will receive instant attention."

"Thank you, sir."

As Signor Oponto left him, Mr. Barlow came up.

"I saw you talking with the manager of the Havana circus," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he try to get you away from me?"

"No, sir; he said he did not want to in-

terfers with you. He spoke to me about next season, or rather about a fall engagement."

"Did you accept his offer?"

"No, sir. I told him I would take it into consideration."

"That is fair enough. I should be sorry to have you leave me in the middle of the season."

"Thank you, sir; I have no wish to do so."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HUMORS OF THE CIRCUS.

THE next day Mlle. Lefroy resumed her work, the danger of meeting her husband having passed. She expressed her gratitude to Kit for serving as her substitute, and wished to make him a present of ten dollars, but he refused to accept it.

"I was glad of the chance to see what I could do on the trapeze," he said. "I never expect to follow it up, but I have already received an offer of an engagement in that line."

"So I heard. And you don't care to accept it."

"No; I do not mean to be a circus performer permanently."

"You are right. It leads to nothing, and before middle life you are liable to find yourself unfitted for it."

Upon the whole, Kit enjoyed the circus life. He formed an intimacy with Charlie Davis, who was only a little older than himself, and the two spent much of their time together.

Then, too, circus life is not without its humorous side. It has an irresistible attraction for many young people, who are dazzled by the pomp and glitter of the circus processions, and think it must be one long holiday to travel with a show. Almost every day applications were received from outsiders for employment of some kind—anything for a chance to travel with the troupe.

Charlie Davis and Kit were standing near the entrance of the lot one day when a tall, raw-boned young man, evidently fresh from the farm, came up.

"Are you two circus fellers?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Charlie.

"What do you do?"

"My friend jumps over elephants, and I tame lions," answered Charlie gravely.

"Sho! you don't say! A boy like you tame lions?"

"If you doubt my word, bring on your lion!" said Charlie.

"I say, how do you do it?" asked the countryman with curiosity.

"That is my secret. I can't afford to give it away. I will teach you for five hundred dollars."

"Gosh! you must think I am made of money. Why, I haven't got but sixty dollars in the bank, and it's taken me a couple of years to save that."

"What are you—a lawyer?" asked Kit.

"You don't think I look like a lawyer, do you?" chuckled the rustic, immensely flattered. "No, I work on dad's farm."

"Do you find it profitable?"

"No; dad only pays me eight dollars a month and my board, and my clothes cost me half that."

"I am afraid you are extravagant in clothes," said Charlie, gravely.

"Well, maybe I am," said the countryman, who was attired in a blue coat with brass buttons, a yellow vest, and a pair of pepper and salt breeches. "But I'm bound to dress like a gentleman, no matter what it costs. Do you know how much I paid for clothes last year?"

"No, but I should like to know."

"Fifty-two dollars and seventy-five cents!"

"That's a good deal of money."

"So dad says; but I hear that there are folks in the city that pay more'n a hundred dollars a year for clothes."

"I've heard so, too, but they are foolish and extravagant."

"I say, you dress pretty well," said Jonathan.

"We have to, or the manager would discharge us."

"I say, do you think I could a chance to travel with the show?"

"That depends on what you can do. Can you jump over elephants, like my friend Kit here?"

Jonathan shook his head.

"I couldn't even jump over a cow," he said.

"Could you ride a horse bareback?"

"Ride him without a saddle?"

"No; could you stand up on his back and ride round a ring?"

"I never tried it. Maybe I could learn."

"But we must have one already trained. You might practice at home and by next season get an engagement."

"I don't believe I could do it."

"You can't tell without trying."

"I have tried," answered Jonathan confidentially. "Last summer there was a circus round to our place, and I see a woman do it. So I said to myself, if a woman can do it, I'd ought to. So one morning I got up early, and took the horse out of the stable, and led him up alongside a bench. I stepped on his back standin' up, and took the reins. Then I started him off."

"How did you succeed?" asked Kit, trying not to laugh.

"I never seed a horse with such a slippery back. I jist slipped down on one side. Well, I wouldn't give it up so, but got on his back again. The blamed critter set off at a gallop, and pitched me over his head. I didn't try again."

"The horse has to be trained as well as the rider," said Charlie. "It was the horse's fault as much as yours."

"Any way I don't want to try it again. But ain't there anything I can do? I'll work cheap."

"Well, there's one thing, but you might not want to do it."

"What's that?" asked Jonathan, eagerly.

"I'm willin' to do anything."

"Would you be willing to wash the lion's face every morning?"

"Does he need to have it washed?" asked the countryman in amazement.

"Well, he can't do it himself, you know."

"But isn't it dangerous? Would I have to go into the cage?"

"Yes, but he'd get used to you."

"But before he got used to me, he might tear me to pieces."

"Such things happen now and then. Kit, can't you remember poor Mortimer, who got some soap into the lion's eyes one morning, and made him angry?"

"What did the lion do?" asked Jonathan excited.

"Pulled his arm out of the socket. He didn't mean any harm, but only wanted to show his dislike of soap."

Jonathan looked very uneasy.

"I wouldn't take such a place as that for a hundred dollars a week," he said.

"I wouldn't, if I was you—not unless your life was insured."

"That wouldn't do me no good. I'll tell you what I'd like to do. I'd hire out to take care of the camels. They look good-natured and peaceful."

"There's no vacancy in that department."

"I wish there was. I'd like to travel round the country. I'm powerful fond of travelin'."

"I never was more'n twenty miles from home in my life."

"There may be a chance for him, said Kit to Charlie. "I hear one of the property men is sick, and obliged to go home. He might do for that."

Jonathan listened eagerly.

"I can take care of property as well as the next man," he said. "Do you think you could get me the place?"

Kit explained the duties of a property man. He must carry in and out of the ring whatever is needed by the performers, help lay carpets, and make himself generally useful.

"That'll suit me tip top," said Jonathan.

"Then I'll see what I can do for you."

The result was that Jonathan was engaged at the salary of twenty-five dollars a month, which, though small, was considerably more than he was paid on his father's farm.

The next applicant for employment was a boy about as old as Kit.

"What can you do?" asked Kit.

"I can climb a rope hand over hand."

"Can you make a handspring over an elephant?"

"No; would I have to do that?"

"You might have to. Can you knock down a tiger with one blow of your fist?"

"No," answered the boy with his eyes distended.

"Then I'm afraid you can't get a chance to work for us. If you want to travel, you'd better go out West and hunt Indians. It'll be easier."

CHAPTER XL.

THE HARSH LANDLORD.

TOWARDS the close of September Stephen Watson sat at breakfast with his son Ralph. The latter was dressed in the extremity of the fashion, having conceived an ambition to be a dude,

It is not on the whole a high ambition, and I have noticed that those young people who are proud of their clothes usually have very little else to be proud of. Perhaps for this reason they ought not to be severely censured.

"I saw a copy of the *New York Clipper* at the hotel," remarked Ralph, as he stirred his cup of coffee. "It says that Barlow's circus will go into winter quarters about the middle of October."

"That is only three weeks distant," said Mr. Watson thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose Kit will be sneaking home about that time."

"He will be a gentleman of leisure through the fall and winter."

"Are you going to let him stay here in idleness, father?"

"No; I have already told you that I will give him the choice of going back to Mr. Bickford and learning the blacksmith's trade, or shifting for himself."

"That's right. I was afraid you had weakened, and would give him his own way."

"You don't know me, Ralph. I am easy and indulgent with those who try to please me, but I insist on rigid obedience, or else I refuse to help."

"All the same," thought Ralph, "I manage to have my own way pretty well. However, that's all right, for I am a son. As for Kit, pa's iron rule applies to him rightly enough."

"I suppose Kit will be looking very shabby," he continued.

"He may have earned enough to buy him a plain suit of clothes."

"You won't buy him any clothes, pa?"

"No, that is unless he agrees to go to Mr. Bickford."

"I shouldn't think Bickford would be willing to take him back."

"Between you and me, Ralph, Bickford is very anxious to get him back. He feels very sore over the way your cousin got the best of him, and he wants to give him a lesson. I shouldn't be surprised if he handled Kit rather roughly."

Ralph laughed with evident enjoyment.

"I should like to see him do it," he said.

"It would be very mortifying to Kit to be flogged by a common blacksmith."

"He will have brought it off his own head," replied the father.

"Of course he has. You won't think of interfering, I hope, pa?"

"Why should I? The boy is perverse and rebellious, and thinks he owes no obedience to his guardian and employer."

"Kit thinks a lot of himself. He's an awful conceited boy."

This was very far from being true, but aptly describes Ralph himself, who was a young man of great importance in his own opinion.

They had hardly risen from the breakfast table, when the servant entered to say that Thomas Talcott wished to speak to Mr. Watson.

Stephen Watson frowned.

"I suppose he can't pay his rent," said he to Ralph. "He's always whining about the hard times."

"May I stay here while you speak to him, pa?"

"Yes, if you like."

Thomas Talcott entered the room. He was poorly dressed, and looked like a man who worked hard.

"Sit down, Mr. Talcott," said Stephen Watson civilly. "I suppose you have come to pay your rent."

"I know it is rent day, Mr. Watson," responded the poor man soberly, "but I am sorry to say I have only brought you two dollars this morning."

"Two dollars!" repeated Stephen Watson, frowning. "What does this mean, I should like to know?"

"I would gladly pay you all to-day, but I have had an attack of rheumatism, and my boy Tom has been out of work on account of the shoe factory shutting down."

"What is all this to me?" demanded Stephen Watson impatiently.

"You might have a little consideration for a poor man, Mr. Watson, a rich man like you!"

"I shouldn't be rich long if I allowed you and all that I have dealings with to impose upon me."

"How have I imposed upon you?"

"You don't pay me what you owe me. Isn't that enough?"

"You shall have it in time, Mr. Watson, be assured of that."

"Of course you say this!" sneered Watson. "I get accustomed to it. Your rent is very small. You ought to be able to meet it without any trouble."

"I know that the rent is but seven dol-

lars a month, and that, no doubt, seems small to you, but to me it is a great deal. Besides, you know that as long as your brother lived I was charged no rent at all."

"If my brother chose to make a fool of himself that is no reason why I should do so."

"You know that there was a reason for it. He and I were in the war together, and I was lucky enough to save his life. He never forgot it."

"You didn't save my life."

"Very true; but is your brother's life nothing to you?"

"As to that, it strikes me that you got pretty well paid for it. You occupied your house, rent free, for ten years."

"I have no fault to find with your poor brother. He was a kind and grateful man. As long as he lived I was sure of a friend, to whom I did not need to apply in vain."

"I presume you applied very often," sneered Stephen Watson.

"That is where you are very much mistaken," answered Talcott, gravely. "I did on two occasions apply for a loan of twenty-five dollars, but in each case I was ready to pay at the time agreed upon."

"That is as it may be. Suppose we come back to business."

"All right, sir. Will you take that two dollars, and give me time on the balance?"

"That would be foolish on my part."

"I will pay you the balance with interest."

"That sounds very well, but the chance is that when the rent comes due you won't be able to pay it, not to speak of arrears."

"I may not be able to pay it all then, but I can pay a part. Tom expects to go to work again next week, as I understand the factory will open on Monday, and then we will get along."

"That's a very loose way of doing business, Mr. Talcott."

"What, then, do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell you. I want security that the back rent shall be paid."

"What kind of security?"

"You have a cow—Alderney, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Let me have that cow as security. I will have her driven over and put in my barn, and when the rent is paid you shall have her back again. I will charge you no interest."

"But what shall we do without our cow?" asked Talcott, much disturbed. "We depend on her for milk, and my wife sells a few pounds of butter every week. The cow is a great help to us."

"That may be, but you know on what conditions you can have her back."

"You are very hard upon me, Mr. Watson."

"You look upon it from a wrong point of view, Talcott. It is only business."

"All I can say, then, is that a great many cruel things are done in the name of business."

"I won't discuss the matter," said Stephen Watson, coldly. "Do as I request, or leave the house."

"I suppose I must do your will," said Talcott, sighing heavily.

"That is sensible. I will send my man over for the cow in the course of the forenoon, and I will give you a paper agreeing to return her on payment of next month's rent and arrears."

"That's splendid!" said Ralph, as the tenant left the house. "You know how to manage, pa."

"Yes; I don't often allow any one to take advantage of me. The cow is a fine one, and I don't think he will be able to redeem it. I will offer a low price when the time comes, and perhaps secure it."

Thomas Talcott, as he stood in his yard, saw the cow driven off with a heavy heart. The animal was a great pet with the whole family.

"I know what I'll do, father," said his son Tom, a boy of about Kit's age. "I'll write to Kit, and see if he can't help us."

"I am afraid the poor boy isn't very well off himself, Tom, but you can write. He'll help us if he can."

(To be continued.)

HE OBJECTED TO THE COW.

THERE is an element of pathos about the following incident that is as apt to draw forth a tear as a smile. It occurred after the return of a party of the poor children of London from a visit to the country under the auspices of an association that corresponds to our Fresh Air Society.

One of the boys was asked by a minister how he enjoyed the change of air and scenery.

"Please, sir," replied the urchin, "I don't like it at all; instead of giving me milk out of a nice clean tin they squeeze it out of a nasty cow—I seed 'em doing it!"



CAMPING OUT.

BY CUTHBERT CARR.

THERE are several degrees of "roughing it" as a vacation pastime. You may form a big party, travel two or three hundred miles from home by rail or steamboat, and take along such a generous outfit in the way of big tents, tables, chairs, and cooking stove, that the roughness is all planned off the experience—and a good slice of the fun along with it.

Then, again, you may take your outing in a wagon or a good-sized sail boat, in which case you carry your bed about with you, so to speak, and, in a sense, don't camp out at all, but in.

In both of these instances it is more than probable that a servant or two will be taken along to do the cooking and cleaning up, which, of course, is a great help and convenience, but, at the same time, sadly interferes with a complete realization of the true joys of a life that was ostensibly entered upon solely for the sake of the contrast it affords to the conventional luxuries of the home.

But the camping party for the boys, that is, the one from which they are apt to extract the most pleasure, is the one limited as to numbers, say three or four congenial spirits, and with no lumbering impedimenta in the way of equipment, no bed but a blanket on the ground, and with only the star-studded sky for a tent. This is, we say, the way in which they would like best to camp.

Of course the first thing to be decided upon is where to go, although it is to be confessed that this rule is by no means invariably followed. Indeed, we have known instances where hours were spent in discussing what should be taken and how it was to be carried, before any member of the company had any well defined knowledge of where the camp was to be pitched.

The party may consist of the cheeriest possible mortals, the weather prove of the most enchanting and showerless description, and the fish fairly crowd about the hooks eager to bite, but if an unfortunate site has been selected, one whose proximity to a swamp inflicts rheumatism, malaria, mosquitoes, and wholesale ill-humor on the company, or whose too free exposure to lake or river breezes lays the foundation for colds destined to render one or more of the party miserable for days, in such an event all the other successes and delights count for naught.

Naturally all boys want to be near the water, so this should be one of the guide marks to be consulted. If the home of the would-be campers is on the banks of a river so much the simpler; after selecting the locality, all that remains to be done is to embark themselves and outfit in boats, and row or sail down or up to it. Otherwise, as good a plan as any is to have all transported to the spot in a wagon, which should be at once sent back again, lest its presence may infuse too much of a civilization flavor into the project.

Of course trees are essential features in camp life, so it is perhaps needless to mention that a wood is preferable to the open field or the bare rock. But do not get into the depths of a forest; keep to the outskirts, where the trees are not too thick, thus affording a chance for the sun to brighten things up.

It is not necessary to remind you that the ground should be high, sloping off on either side, so as to readily shed water in case of rain.

A choice location having been decided upon, the next thing is to seek out the owner of the property and obtain his consent to your occupancy of it. This may seem an unnecessary measure to some, but we can assure our young friends that not merely the courtesy of gentlemen, but common honesty requires it. Of course in a wild wilderness like the Adirondacks, or in the ease of large tracts of land belonging to the government, the precaution may be omitted.

The second thing to be considered in getting up a camping party is what to take along. Do not commit the error of carrying too much, as though you were bound on a trip merely for the purpose of getting somewhere and trying to do away with the tedium of the journey by soft pillows, dainty food, and light novels.

As to the question of sleeping arrangements, we think we cannot do better than quote from a letter to the editor of *Forest and Stream*. It is written by a Denver gentleman, and as he has been in the habit of camping out for thirty-five years, and in various parts of the country between Florida and Washington Territory, his experience ought certainly to be worth something.

"In it all," he says, "I have never driven crotched stakes in the ground and built a bedstead thereon. Nor will I sleep in a wagon if there is ground under it upon which to spread my blankets. When out doors always sleep on the earth for comfort. Make your bed there as comfortable as time and circumstances will permit. If the ground is cold, or wet, or covered with snow, you must provide some kind of a foundation. It may be of hay, straw, weeds, brush, corn stalks or fence rails, but in any event stick to the ground. Don't roost on a perch like a chicken, and get every breath of air that blows and chills you from every side.

"Balsam fir boughs make the best bed of all beds; the tips broken off short and laid shingle fashion, bottom side up from head to foot. All the fir, hemlock, juniper, cedar and pine, may be substituted in the order named as to choice. Cherry, willow, alder, or any such shrubs follow next. If the ground is smooth and dry, and it can generally be found so in this Western country, it is plenty good enough. Under any circumstances, when camping try to provide yourself so as to sleep warm, and the nearer you get to the ground the easier that is accomplished. With a comfortable night's sleep you can endure almost anything the next day.

"Once, a long time ago, after pitching my tent, I was examining the ground for my bed when I found a very small rattlesnake, a young one. That was the only snake adventure I ever had in or about my sleeping place, and I never knew anybody else to have a similar experience.

"About shelter: a square of canvas sufficient for a 'dog tent' is good enough for anybody, though not as handy as a wall tent or a Sibley. I have lived all summer with nothing better, and other summers with nothing at all. He is a poor woodsman who in a forest of any kind cannot very quickly provide himself with shelter from rain or snow. It may be of palmetto leaves, of branches of trees, or of bark from the trunk of a tree. The favoring trunk of a tree may keep off the storm, or in a rocky country a shelter can often be found under a projecting ledge or in a shallow cave.

"A good thing always to carry along is a rubber poncho for each person. It is good to roll around the bedding when en route, to protect it from wet and dirt; or to put over one's shoulders when traveling in rain or wet snow. When night comes, if the ground is wet and the heavens dry, spread it under your bed. If the reverse, reverse it. With two small stakes at opposite sides of a bed, the other two corners being stretched backward and held to the ground by a couple of stones or chunks of wood, a very good shelter is provided for your heads and shoulders. Then another poncho spread over the blankets to your feet, and you two can sleep blissfully through any ordinary rainy night. Use only woolen blankets for camp bedding. Let Arctic explorers have the fur bags and feather ticks."

After sleeping, eating. Of course none of you will want to carry a cook stove along, no matter how small it is. A very good substitute may be found in the three bar arrangement shown in the picture and described in Chapter V of the "Military Instructions," which appeared in no. 234 of the *Argosy*. In fact that and the following chapter contained so many useful hints concerning the provisions for a camping

party, that we will refer the reader to them at once, reminding him that he must use his own judgment as to the difference in amount that must be reckoned on between stores calculated to "keep" thirty boys and those destined to administer to the material substance of many times less than that number.

This mention of a military organization brings us naturally to the matter of leadership. That some one person should be at the head of ever so small a party is very essential to the success of the outing.

In the ordinary course of things he should be the oldest, and if possible should have had previous experience in camping; at least have been out with a party where he may have been the youngest, but still have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing how things were managed.

This leader having once been tacitly appointed, it goes without saying that all the others should defer to what he decrees, and rely on his judgment on all questions of doubtful expediency. Otherwise a disagreeable clash of opinions is sure to mar the general enjoyment.

Then it would be as well if at least one member of your party had some practical knowledge of cooking. It is all very well to anticipate the fun it will be to experiment, but when you find the coffee unfit to drink and the ham shriveled up to a crisp, and your sharpened appetites clamoring for supper, it will not be quite so apparent where the joke comes in.

This "cook" needs to be especially "up" in the art of frying fish, if your camp is to be anywhere within three miles of a water course. It would certainly be very mortifying, after catching a fine string of trout or pickerel, to be obliged to keep them till camp broke up and you could trust them to Bridget's skill at home.

Of course you will have seen to it in selecting the camping-spot that a spring from which to obtain fresh water is close at hand, for you will need a good deal, not for drinking merely, but for cooking and washing purposes.

One word as regards the last-named. Always see to it that your dishes and cooking utensils are cleaned after every meal. It would be as well to take turns at this task, or if you like, let all the party turn in and do the job up in short order, each taking a particular share of the work. And do not leave refuse around the tent or grounds. Either throw it in the river or burn it up.

Another "don't." Be careful how you treat the possessions of neighboring farmers. It is an all too common idea that apples, cherries, melons and peaches are common property, especially when a party of young people are out for a good time. The best way to show the fallacy of the theory is for each boy to put to himself the question: "Suppose my father owned this orchard, and I should see a company of picnickers sink under the fence and begin to shake the limbs of a choice pippin? Would I not feel very indignant and charge down upon them with a threatening cry of 'siek 'em, Towser?'" There is nothing like this "put yourself in his place" test for settling conscience qualms the right way.

A third and last "don't," don't be reckless, as we fear the young canoeist in the illustration is inclined to be. Especially be careful about handling fire-arms. In fact, in many cases just as good a time can be had without these dangerous adjuncts, for to a large majority of boys the reel and rod is as fascinating as it is harmless.

By observing these simple rules, not expecting too much and not staying too long, we think a camping party of three or more can manage to have a good deal of enjoyment while they are out, besides storing up for themselves a good amount of health for the coming work season and a stock of pleasant memories that will serve to lighten many a logging hour.

THE GAUGE OF MERIT.

THERE is a whole volume full of suggestive thought in the idea hit upon in the course of a conversation between two members of a firm which we find recorded in the *Times*.

They were talking about the inefficiency of their assistants, and one of the gentlemen expressed himself warmly upon the subject. The other quieted him by saying: "Wait a minute. Did it ever occur to you that if those people were as smart as we are they would not be our assistants?"

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS; OR, JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "That Treasure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SKIPPER OF THE DONNA.

PEPE'S boasted faith in the *felich* about his neck seemed to have left him. His teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled in such an evident ecstasy of terror that even Peltiah took the alarm.

"What'n time be we to do any way, Jack?" he asked, helplessly. Jack motioned to the wide-spreading branches of an immense *ceiba*, or silk cotton tree, close at hand.

"There's only one thing to do," he returned, rapidly ascending one of the dozen or more buttressed roots, which form a series of projections or shoulders some four feet from the ground, with spaces large enough for a horse stall between each two.

The others lost no time in following him, and they were not a moment too soon. Scarcely were they safely perched on one of the immense lower limbs than the two gaunt hounds came rushing down the cleared pathway with slavering jaws and bloodshot eyes.

Unfortunately for the fugitives the peculiar formation of the partly sloping roots made their refuge anything but a sure one.

In a moment their retreat was discovered. Don, the most sagacious of the two dogs, glanced upward, and uttering a fierce howl as though of exultation, drew back a little and then dashed madly up the easy incline afforded by one of the roots.

Pepe uttered a shrill yell of terror as the hound's yellow fangs clashed within an inch of one of the bare feet which he drew convulsively upward.

"Crack!" went Captain Blowhard's revolver, and the great beast fell sprawling at the foot of the tree in his death agony.

And now Cesar fiercely charged in his turn, as if from a desire to revenge the death of his mate.

Snatching the boat lance from Pepe's trembling hands, Peltiah darted it downward with all his strength.

The savage monster was transfixed by the keen pointed shaft, which severed some vital organ, and passed completely through his body. He gave one stifled howl and rolled over in his death throes.

Peltiah dropped from his perch, followed by the others—Pepe's eyes dilating to the size of tea cup bottoms as Peltiah drew the lance from the dog's body, and wiped off the blood with a handful of leaves.

"*Carramba!*" he exclaimed; "de gubner mos' die he be so mad—dem dogs he say wot hunderd silber dollah!"

"Serves him right for keepin' sech critters to pull human bein's down an' tear 'em to pieces—the man that would do it orter be served pooty near as bad hisself," excitedly responded Peltiah.

"Well, you'll have a good chance to tell him so," said Jack, coolly, "for here he comes, fairly frothing at the mouth, to judge from his looks."

"An' Cap'n Kelly along ob him," put in Pepe, shrinking back between two of the tree roots. Governor Bellingham, whose white teeth were set very close together, approached from the same direction as the bloodhounds, closely followed by a thick-set, red faced man, who wore, in addition to the regulation shirt and duck pants, a coarse straw hat and heavy leather shoes.

"More trouble," muttered Jack, as Bellingham, with a shout of rage at the sight of the dead dogs, flourished a heavy *machete*, such as is used by the West Indian to clear a path through the thick underbrush, and rushed madly toward the two. His

companion, who carried a rather dilapidated looking flint lock gun, simultaneously growled out an oath, and drew back the hammer with his thumb.

But the revolver still remained in Jack's hand, while Peltiah's manipulation of the boat lance was in itself not at all reassuring.

"You know what you done, you two runaway?" fiercely demanded Hannibal Augustine, coming to a sudden halt.

"Killed the only two bloodhoun's in the islan'—dogs wath fifty dollars apiece to-day in Cuby!" growled Captain Kelly, who was a burly, middle-aged man, minus an eye and plus a badly scarred nose. His bloated

mestizo from the main land. Kelly himself was the only white resident—a thoroughly unscrupulous man of the lowest and most vicious propensities, made still more brutalized by his surroundings.

In connection with the colored governor he had picked up a good deal of money by returning runaway men to the whaling vessels cruising in the vicinity, but this was his first experience with any who had offered resistance.

Generally speaking, deserters after a week or two found even the hardships of whaling life preferable to being hunted through the tropic jungle with shot guns and bloodhounds.

to town along of me, and I'll tell you as we go along."

Without relaxing their watchfulness, Jack and Peltiah followed in Captain Kelly's footsteps, leaving Mr. Bellingham to such reflections as the loss of his two bloodhounds were evidently suggesting. Pepe still remained in hiding. From this fact our two friends presumed that he feared Mr. Bellingham's wrath if he was found in company with the slayers of the valuable dogs; so neither of them made any sign as to his presence in the vicinity.

It would seem from Captain Kelly's account that some years before he had left a vessel at Watling's Island, and remained there for a time "beach-combing," as he expressed it.

Then Mr. Bellingham bought a condemned pilot boat of some Nassau wreckers for a mere trifle, and Captain Kelly took charge of her as a sort of packet and freighter between Watling's Island and larger West India ports.

On the following morning, the *Donna*—this was her name—was to sail for Matanzas, in the island of Cuba, with a cargo of turtle, sponges, sugar cane, *cobra* (the dried kernel of the coconut) and a few other of the island products.

"It's nigh a three days' run at this time of the year," said Captain Kelly in conclusion, "and if you two fellers will agree to work your passage and pay ten dollars to boot, it's a bargain."

Of course they agreed. To what would Jack and Peltiah not have agreed, rather than remain on Watling's? The romantic beauty of the spot had no charms to keep them there a day longer than was actually necessary. Neither of the two were made of the kind of stuff which would be content to settle down into a life of slothful indolence and degradation, even had the opportunity offered.

It was nearly sundown when they reached the little settlement near the beach. A couple of clumsy ten or twelve ton sloops had come in from the sea, and having hauled alongside the *Donna*, which Captain Kelly pointed out to them, were transferring their loading of turtles and sponges into the schooner's hold.

The *Donna* was nearly twenty tons burthen, and must have once been a handsome and weatherly little vessel. But the white paint on her hull was blackened and discolored, and in places had peeled off entirely. She carried no topmasts, and a stumpy bowsprit, which gave her a heavy lumpish appearance, and her dingy weather-stained sails were like a sailor's trousers—"patch upon patch and a patch over all," to use poor Jack's simile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S TREACHERY.

THE *Donna* lay moored stem and stern to ring bolts driven into the coralline ledges of the left hand side of the deep harbor, within a few rods of the little settlement.

"Tain't likely Bellingham'll feel much like entertainin' you to-night, seein'g's you've killed his two hounds," grimly remarked Captain Kelly; "so you two fellers can go right aboard. Bob, who is cook, steward, and f'most hand, will get you some supper, and you can sleep on deck if it's too hot below."

Thus assured, Jack and Peltiah turned their steps toward the little vessel, leaving Captain Kelly to his own devices.



SCARCELY WERE THEY PERCHED ON ONE OF THE BRANCHES, WHEN THE TWO BLOOD-HOUNDS CAME RUSHING DOWN THE PATHWAY.

"The fact is," said Jack deliberately, "neither my chum here nor myself mean to go aboard the *Nancy* again while we've got arms and strength to resist and you see we've got both. On the other hand, we'll give any man ten dollars—all the money we've got in the world—for a chance to be taken to some West India port where we can find a vessel bound to the States."

Captain Kelly exchanged glances with his colored condjotoi, who, untwining his fingers from his wool, scowled at Jack, and then, obedient to a gesture from Captain Kelly, stepped with him a little to one side.

The two talked together in an undertone—Captain Kelly urgent, Mr. Bellingham sullenly vindictive, to judge by his expression.

"Well," finally said the former, turning to Jack with what was intended as a conciliatory smile, "it's a dead loss of ten dollars, but we don't want to have no trouble, and I guess we can arrange it. Come back

visage was made more repulsive by a bristling red mustache.

"What did you think we'd do—sit still and let them tear us to pieces?" hotly responded Jack.

"The dogs wouldn't have hurt you whilst you was treed," said Captain Kelly, while Mr. Bellingham, in an ecstasy of rage, twined his fingers in his kinky wool, and with frightful contortions of his ugly face, seemed trying to lift himself bodily by both hands.

"Is it the custom in this island to hunt down sailors who leave their vessel here with animals like that?" demanded Jack, without heeding Kelly's remark.

"We do about as we please here, my young cock-of-the-walk," savagely replied Captain Kelly; "and as Captain Blowhard, who is cruisin' in the vicinity, left a standing reward of ten dollars a head for the two of you delivered aboard, we take our own way of getting hold of you."

"You haven't got hold of us yet, and we don't mean you shall while we are able to protect ourselves," said Jack, with a dangerous gleam in his dark eyes, which, with the words, caused Captain Kelly to step back involuntarily.

Peltiah said nothing, but his attitude with the boat lance, held in readiness for use, spoke volumes.

Captain Kelly was nonplused. He had spoken the truth when he said that they did about as they pleased on Watling's Island. The small population were descendants from old Carib stock, intermarried with Spanish creoles and an occasional

"There ain't no way the cap'n can play any kind of agame on us, is there?" asked Peltiah, as they made their way along the firm hard bench; "for there's somethin' in that one eye of his I don't like exac'ly."

"It will pay to watch him, I fancy, or any one else in this part of the country," was Jack's concise reply.

"Ceptin' that air Pepe, poor little chap," said Peltiah regretfully. "I wisht we could a' took him along to the States with us, and have him growed up decent," he added rather wistfully.

Jack, who was by no means as confident concerning the colored youth's sincerity, made no reply, and in a few moments the two were standing on the Donna's deck.

Bob, who was a negro of almost gigantic frame, was just putting on the hatch over the now completed cargo. Some fifty or sixty sea turtles, principally of the hawk-bill species, lay in the bottom of the hold on masses of wet seaweed. A rude pen, containing slimy, malodorous substances, not unlike pieces of liver, which they learned was sponge in its native state, occupied part of the hold, while most of the remaining portion was filled up with newly cut sugarcane stalks.

Jack briefly explained their presence on board to the black, who grinned good-naturedly, and went to work broiling turtle steak for them over a charcoal fire in a rude brazier on deck. This, with boiled yam, they found very palatable.

The normal condition of the average West Indian is somnolency, so as soon as Bob had cleared away the two tin plates composing the supper service, he coiled himself up near the keel of the bowsprit and went to sleep.

The cool breeze from the sea kept the gnats and mosquitoes at a respectful distance.

Sitting on the after house of the little schooner, Jack and Peltiah watched the stars blazing out overhead, while in the south the gorgeous constellation of the southern cross shone forth in full splendor.

"What'll we do when we get back to the States, Jack?" inquired Peltiah, dolefully. He had grown so accustomed to depending upon his companion's judgment in matters small and great that the question came perfectly naturally.

"We can tell better when we get there," was Jack's mechanical reply.

Somewhat the curious vision, if such it may be called, he had seen in the strange liquid which old Paquita poured into the palm of his hand, a few hours before, kept presenting itself to his mind.

He spoke of this a moment or two later, but Peltiah only laughed carelessly.

"The idee of believing that you really see anything more'n your own face, Jack!" he said, incredulously. "I thought you was sensibler'n all that."

But Jack only laughed, and as the scattering lights in the little settlement began to be extinguished one by one, they let the mainsail drop from its gaskets and stretched themselves out on the folds of the sail upon the after house.

Jack's full intention was to sleep with one eye open, but both he and Peltiah were very tired, and slept uninterruptedly till somewhere in the vicinity of midnight.

At that time Jack was awakened by the sound of loud talking and considerable hilarity on the flat portion of the ledge alongside the schooner.

Then followed a fragmentary duet, in which the united voices of Captain Kelly and Mr. Bellingham, somewhat punctuated by hiccoughs, were prominent; while another and shriller voice, which Jack recognized as belonging to Pepe, chimed in at decent intervals:

"Oh, whar was you goin', my pretty maid? Oh, you Rio."

I sails for Matanzas to-morrer, she said.
On the banks of the Rio Grande."

"Meuber, cap'n," said Mr. Bellingham, brokenly, "I share all same you—you all same me."

Captain Kelly was heard to reply with evident difficulty that he'd remember.

"Me, too," piped in Pepe, but a sound not unlike that of a smart box on the ear, followed by a subdued howl, was evidence that the suggestion was not taken in good part.

Then, after a little further inaudible conversation, the conclave dissolved. Mr. Bellingham's uncertain steps died away in the distance, and Captain Kelly, climbing over the rail, succeeded in getting below and into his berth.

Presuming that they had been discussing the anticipated profits of the voyage, Jack lay listening till Captain Kelly's snoring assured him of sound slumber. Then he

went to sleep again himself, waking about sunrise to find Peltiah up before him, performing his ablutions in a bucket of salt water.

Following his companion's example, Jack obeyed the call to breakfast, wondering not a little at the sight of Captain Kelly descending the broken ratlines in the main rigging, holding a battered spyglass in one hand.

The captain, who even at this early hour in the morning smelt strongly of spirituous liquors, muttered something about having been looking out for "a steamer," and led the way below, where Bob had breakfast already served.

Broiled turtle steak again, cassava cakes and hot coffee. Both Jack and Peltiah would have declined the latter, the morning itself being both hot and sultry, with only an occasional puff of air from the higher lands, but Captain Kelly seemed to be hurt at their hesitation.

"Maybe our cookin' ain't such as you've been used to," he said, with an aggrieved look; "but you won't get no such coffee as that, wherever you come from. It growed here on the island, and if Bob can't do nothing else he can make good coffee, eh Bob?"

"I t'ink so, sah," was the subdued reply; and rather than wound any one's feelings the two began to absorb the black and bitter compound contained in two yellow mugs.

"Cap'n—oh, Cap'n Kelly!"

It was the voice of Mr. Bellingham from alongside the schooner, in obedience to which the Donna's commander left the little swinging table and elampered up the companionway steps, followed by Bob on some errand of his own.

"No use; I can't drink no more—it's too hot and too all fired strong," said Peltiah, holding his nearly half emptied mug in his hand, and eying Jack, who was making a rather wry face over his own.

"Wonder if we can't pour what's left down there," he added, pointing to a small trap under the table leading to the after part of the hold, "and then let 'em think we drunk it all."

Sniting the action to the word, Peltiah and Jack turned the balance of the steaming liquid through the aperture and replaced the trap. Hardly had they resumed their places on the locker before Captain Kelly returned to the little cabin, just in time to see each taking his empty mug from his lips.

"'Twasn't so bad after all, then?" he said with a hoarse chuckle, as they rose from the table. Jack said: "no indeed, it was more the heat than the taste that he objected to—" with which the three left the stifling cabin for the deck.

It was a rather singular morning. A sort of indefinable haze seemed to lie directly against the sky, hiding its blue completely from sight, yet not in the least interfering with the ocean view.

Through this haze the red eye of the sun, shorn of some of its intense heat, looked down upon the oily surface of the sea, which outside the harbor mouth was running in long irregular swells from the west.

The little puffs of air from the hill tops were fitful and irregular, yet Captain Kelly began to make ready for sailing.

Mr. Bellingham, with Pepe at his side, stood watching the sails going up. Jack noticed that both himself and Peltiah were the recipients of some very peculiar glances both from the colored governor and his small aide-de-camp, who grinned at each in turn, but uttered no word.

The fasts were hauled in, and very slowly the Donna began forging toward the harbor mouth.

"Never was so plaguy sleepy in all my born days," said Peltiah, with a great yawn, as Captain Kelly took the little wheel, while Bob, eying the speaker curiously, began coiling up the halyards about the cluttered up deck.

"Why Jack's gettin' lazy, too," continued Peltiah, vaguely wondering why Captain Kelly grinned so as he advised him to lie down on the roof of the small afterhouse, and take a nap if he wanted to.

For Jack, after helping hoist the sails, felt giddy and light headed, and had himself leaned back on the cabin top with his head pillowed on a coil of rope; and before he knew it, he had drifted off into dream-land.

And so, giving heed to Captain Kelly's kindly advice, Peltiah stretched his awkward length beside his companion, and dropped asleep almost immediately.

"If it would only breeze up a little, Bob," said the worthy captain with an ugly smile,

as he glanced from the two motionless forms to a far away speck on the undulating surface of the sea, above which appeared a faint blurr, as of smoke, "we could run down to the Nancy inside of two hours, for she's layin' to down to looard tryin' out—I see her all plain with the glass from aloft, jest about breakfast time."

CHAPTER XIX.

SWEPT AWAY BY THE HURRICANE.

AND that little black scamp of a Pepe laid in with old Paquita to do the job, so they two would go halves on the reward. But Bellingham caught Pepe hidin' nigh the tree where his dogs was killed, and made him own up. He took the drug old Paquita gave Pepe away from him, and this mornin' I slipped it into their coffee. Saved us a heap of trouble, for we was call'atin' to have a job of it if we tackled and tied 'em whilst they was asleep last night; they're both stronger'n bull mooses by the look. But they're as good as dead for two hours yet, Bob, and by that time we'll have 'em aboard the Nancy—she ain't mor'n five mile off now at the furdest."

Was Jack dreaming, or did he actually hear the foregoing words as he lay with closed eyes on the Donna's afterhouse? The creaking of the main boom directly over his head, the "plap" of the reef points against the canvas, and the swash of the water about the counter, as the vessel settled into the long heaving swells, quickly assured him that he was not dreaming, but was just awakening from sleep—a *drugged* sleep, as he at once realized by what he had heard.

Unclosing his eyes far enough to peer between his long lashes, Jack, whose head was pillowed rather higher than his body, saw Captain Kelly standing by the wheel, which he occasionally moved a spoke or two. Bob, squatted on deck close at hand, was meditatively smoking a short black pipe.

That the wind was very light was evident by the schooner's slow motion, and the absence of any perceptible wake at the stern, over which Jack saw Watling's Island apparently some six miles distant.

"I don't just like the look of the weather, Bob," said Captain Kelly, who, in lieu of other companionship, was evidently in the habit of conversing freely with the negro; "so maybe we might as well have things ready so it *should* blow up sudden, we can work back to the island under easy sail, after we've passed our live cargo aboard the Nancy."

The black grunted assent, and laying aside his pipe, went forward with Captain Kelly, who slipped a becket over one of the wheel spokes, so that the Donna would easily steer herself for a time.

"Aboard the Nancy, eh?" muttered Jack between his teeth, as he thrust his hand inside the breast of his woolen shirt. "I rather think not—"

Here he stopped suddenly. The revolver upon which he had relied for protection was gone—taken from him while lying thus asleep.

"Peltiah, wake up!" he whispered loudly in the ear of his companion, who lay beside him. But the effects of the partial dose of the narcotic, which Captain Kelly presumed they had drunk entire, were wearing off as with himself, and Peltiah's eyes opened with a sudden snap.

Before he could speak, Jack clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Lie still—don't speak or move," he said, in the same low whisper; "we've been drugged, and Captain Kelly is taking us off aboard the Nancy, instead of carrying us to Matanzas—"

"That'll do the fores'l, Bob," interrupted the voice of Captain Kelly; "now take the bonnet off the jib, stow it snug on the boom, and hoist away again, while I let the mains'l run down, for it's blackin' up to the wind'ard, and I'm afraid now it'll come on to blow before we get down to the schooner."

There was no further opportunity for whispered consultation just then, as Captain Kelly, hurrying aft, slashed away the peak and throat halyards together, holding one in each hand, until the sail was down.

"Hurry, Bob," he shouted suddenly, "quick, or by—"

The oath never left his lips. With a rush and roar so terrible as to almost drown the awful thunder-peal that crashed overhead, simultaneous with a blinding flash of lightning, came the hurricane!

The haze which had covered the sky was transformed as though by magic into the

most intense blackness that can be imagined or described, against which the foam driven from the wave crests seemed whiter than wool.

Screaming and shrieking like the united voice of ten thousand fiends, the terrible wind struck the little schooner.

One cry was faintly heard from the black, who was swept from his foothold on the bowsprit into the seething waves, and he was gone!

Captain Kelly, bareheaded, clung to the wheel, which was hard up, while Jack and Peltiah were struggling to extricate themselves from the folds of the sail which had for the moment completely hidden them from view.

Down—down to her bearings the little Donna reeled, but recovering in a moment, with her bulwark boarding torn completely away by the inrush of the seas, she darted off before the blast with fearful velocity under the three reefed foresail alone.

The head of the jib and the belling masses of the lowered mainsail flew out to leeward, but it was useless to try to secure them. The force of the wind was such that it was actually impossible to face it and draw breath.

Captain Kelly mutely pointed with one hand ahead. The loudest shout would have been completely lost in the awful tumult of wind and sea.

Under close reefed foresail alone, the Nancy lay down to the blast, with her lee rail under, and the smoke from her try-works streaming off to leeward.

They could just see the half fletched body of a small whale alongside as the Donna swept by the stern like a winged whirlwind.

Then came an instantaneous and awful lull, in which another thunder peal seemed to fairly rend the blackness of the arch overhead, while the electric flame was heard to hiss as a bolt struck the water a cable's length distant.

With another rush and roar came the wind from a different quarter—the southwest.

Over flew the fore boom, but luckily the sheet was new and strong, and withstood the shock.

Following it went the long main boom. Jack and Peltiah dropped in the gangway just in time to save themselves, but the unlucky Captain Kelly, struck on the head, was knocked like a log over the low rail, and in an instant lost to sight in the boiling surge, while the little craft went flying onward like a mad thing before the gale.

Jack sprang to the wheel and steadied it. Nothing could be done but to keep the little craft dead before the tempest till it might abate somewhat of its fury.

All at once the weather lanyards of the main rigging parted, the mainmast reeled, swayed an instant, and with a crash snapped off a foot or so above the deck.

"The axe!" yelled Jack in the ear of Peltiah, who, with the whitest of faces, was clinging to the little upright binnacle before the wheel.

For once Peltiah proved equal to the emergency. A sharp axe, with its blade in a becket, was secured close to the after companionway. Releasing it, Peltiah dealt blow after blow to the lanyards, and in another instant mainmast, booms and heavy sail were sweeping astern.

Relieved of this encumbering mass of wreckage, the little schooner flew on with increased speed. She rolled in green seas over the remains of either rail, as she sped over and through the rapidly risen waves which followed towering half mast head high above the stern.

Overhead rolled the rattle and crash of heaven's artillery without cessation, while such lightning as is only seen in the tropics, or the vicinity of the Gulf Stream, added terror to what was already more terrible than anything either Jack or Peltiah had ever imagined.

Suddenly a great sea, following in the schooner's wake, reared its cresting head above the stern, and, with a crash, flooded the poop. Stunned and blinded, Jack clung convulsively to the wheel spokes, while Peltiah, beaten to the deck, clutched a fragment of the parted main sheet which had still remained belayed to its cleat.

Luckily the companionway scuttle had been pulled over, else the cabin would have been filled at once.

As it was, the binnacle containing the compass was wrenched from its fastenings and swept away, together with the little dingy lashed across the stern davits.

"We must keep her ahead of the seas or go down," bellowed Jack, as, shaking off the great volume of water, the little Donna

rose gallantly to her work again. "Can't you hoist the head of the jib?" he added, in a mild roar.

Peltiah drew a long breath. To venture forward, with the terrible billows making a clean sweep over the sharply inclined angle of the slippery deck, seemed an almost impossibility, but the situation was a desperate one.

Clinging as best he might to the shattered rail, and thence to the fore rigging, he got hold of the halyards, and by using his whole strength succeeded in getting the jib itself up, for with the bonnet off it was only a comparatively small head sail.

And now the Donna was enabled to outrun the pursuing billows which lissed and crested in her wake.

Drenched to the skin, and with every nerve at a tension, Jack kept the schooner before the awful breath of the hurricane with the utmost difficulty, and when his strength gave out relinquished the wheel to his companion.

It was almost impossible to tell whether it was day or night, so intense was the pitchy darkness, only illumined by the lurid glare of the lightning.

"Neither Peltiah nor I can stand this much longer," muttered Jack, as he crouched under such shelter as the low quarter rail afforded and watched Peltiah, who, an unskilled helmsman at best, had all he could do to keep the schooner from broaching to.

"Les—try—and—lay—her—to!" bel-lowed Peltiah, who knew in theory that this was often done in a gale of wind.

The same thought had occurred to Jack a moment before. He had once been off shore with a yachting party from Mapleton, and called to mind how cleverly old skipper Flanders had laid the yacht to under short sail in a sudden blow from the west, without so much as shipping a sea.

Nodding his head in assent, Jack staggered to his feet, and, taking the wheel from Peltiah's hands, shouted a few brief instructions in his ear.

Up to his waist in water, Peltiah managed to get forward again. The jib sheet was already trimmed up quite flat, as it had been left at the beginning of the gale.

Seizing the fore sheet in his powerful grasp, Peltiah turned his eyes toward Jack, who put down the wheel spoke by spoke, watching the "run" of the great seas as he did so.

As little by little the schooner's head crept up to the wind, whose terrible force began to be even more apparent, Peltiah took in the sheet inch by inch till it was flattened in all it would bear.

An end of the halyards passed round the short boom, and bent to an opposite ring bolt, served as a "preventer" in case of the parting of the shaft itself, at the same time somewhat relieving the great strain on the boom and sail.

The helm was put hard down, and now, under the balance reef foresail and bit of a jib, the tiny craft began to climb the wall-like seas with a curious sideways motion. Then, balancing for a moment on the towering crest, she would slide down, down, till seemingly swallowed up in a terrible valley of dark waters, only to rise for a repetition of the same performance.

But the Donna "laid to" like a duck, and after vainly trying the one pump (for the vessel was not on an upright keel ten seconds at a time) the two made the wheel fast with the tiller pushed hard to port, and crawled below, pulling the scuttle over as they descended.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

A PENSIONED CAR HORSE.

The lot of every street-car horse is not an unhappy one. They are not all kept at work till they drop in the harness, or become so worn out that they are condemned, while still living, to the bone-yard.

A Boston paper conveys the pleasing announcement that the members of the board of directors who preside over one of the city railway lines, have been presented with photographs of "Old Billy," who was retired some time ago. Billy is a car horse thirty-five years old, and has been running for the company for a quarter of a century. During this time he has not lost a single day from sickness or inability, and when he is retired he was doing his regular trips from Boston to Brookline in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

He is a white horse of pure Morgan blood. When he was thirty-two years old the president of the road ordered a box stall fitted up for him, and he is treated with as much kindness as though he were human. To give him exercise he hanks the feed-box around the stable every day and seems to be proud of his load. With the exception of being wheezy he is in sound condition.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all, only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

J. A., Joliet, Ill. No premium on 5 cent piece of 1836.

J. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. See reply to W. F. D. in no. 239.

C. E. M., Statistics on the length of boys' feet are not at hand.

F. R. R., Topeka, Kans. The stories are not yet in book form.

W. L. B., Hopkinsville, Ky. No premium on 3 cent piece of 1852.

WEEKLY READER, Des Moines, Ioa. No premium on half dollar of 1808.

CONSTANT READER, Paducah, Ky. Neither coin is of any special value.

A READER, Allegheny, Pa. You should address your question to a local paper.

C. M. L., Patterson, N. M. We cannot undertake to recommend special houses.

Pop, Trenton, N. J. Questions as to the reliability of business houses are debarrd.

H. L. J., Columbia, S. C. We hope to publish other stories by the authors named.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey City, N. J. "Ready About" will be published about the first of September.

NEMO, Yonkers, N. Y. Boys of 17 average 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, and 116 lbs. in weight. We fear you are not in training.

G. W. B., Buffalo, N. Y. Ask the principal of the school you attended. We applaud your resolve to devote your evenings to study.

J. E. J., South Boston, Mass. Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, Johnson's Cyclopaedia, Encyclopedia Britannica. The last ranks first.

H. F. D., Dixon, Cal. Can you not obtain the thin sheets of regular copying paper? During hot weather keep your pad in some cool room.

G. N. "Humanitarian," as used in the article referred to, is coined from "humane." There is no literary authority for such a use of the word.

AMBITIOUS, Erie, Pa. Every trade and profession has plenty of room for experts and leaders. Read the editorial "The Choice of a Career," in no. 213.

The Light Guards Cadets of Passaic desire to correspond with similar organizations. Address JNO. J. GALLAGHER, care Reid and Barry, Passaic, N. J.

H. H., Newark, N. J. We duly appreciate the compliments conveyed through the medium of your poem entitled "The Argosy." Many thanks.

C. D. C., Union Mills, Ind. Yes. There was an issue of pennies in 1877. For the amount of the issue apply to the Director of the Mint, Washington, D. C.

D. A. C., 45 North Moore St., New York City. The Union Dime Savings Bank is at Broadway and 32d St. Deposits of 10 cents and upward are accepted there.

R. E., Passaic, N. J. To be eligible for enrollment on board the St. Mary's schoolship, one must be a resident of New York City. You, we suppose, are not.

ANDREW ARMSTRONG, 309 DeGraw St., Brooklyn, would like to hear by letter from boys between 14 and 17 who will join him in forming a military company.

G. T., New York City. Information as to cigars, etc., cannot be gained through the medium of this column. See the cartoon on the last page of this paper.

L. G., Bozeman, Mont. Jewelers' lathes are never run by steam. It would hardly pay you to attempt it, as the small force required would not justify the outlay.

H. D., New York City. The actual transmission of a message through the submarine cable requires but a very brief time. About twenty words a minute can be sent.

W. J. HOSMER, 1431 Wood St., Philadelphia, Pa., would like to hear from Philadelphia boys between the ages of 14 and 16 who would join him in forming a military company.

W. T. P., Vale Summit, Md. 1. We cannot give business addresses here. Why not send 20 cents to this office for Ames' Mastery of the Pen? 2. No premium on trade dollars.

E. J. W., New York City. The copper cent of 1795 with lettered edge is worth from 25 cents to \$2 according to condition; the same, thin die, from 10 cents to 50 cents.

W. W. W., Central Village, Conn. "The Riverdale Series," by Oliver Optic, consists of 12 books. We will send these for 35 cents each, bound in cloth, or 25 cents each, boards.

F. K., Chicago, Ill. To paste paper to tin or other metals, use the following: Boiling water, one quart; pulverized borax, two ounces; gum shellac, four ounces. Boil till dissolved.

JOS. FELDMAN, 157 East 106th St., New York City, would like to hear (by letter only) from boys between 5 ft. 4 in. and 5 ft. 8 in., with a view to organizing a military company.

C. Q., Grand Rapids, Mich. You will find information about a suitable rifle for a cadet corps in chapter III of "Popular Military Instructions," no. 232 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. B. O., Canton, O. Once or twice a week is sufficient for drill, though one's health is not likely to suffer if a drill is held every night. The open air is preferable when the weather is fine.

J. J. McC., Brooklyn N. Y. We are inclined to believe that a story with its action placed so far back as the American Revolution would not prove popular with the majority of our readers.

A. A., Green Bay, Wis. We hope to publish an article on sailing in the course of the summer.

A CONSTANT READER, Pawtucket, R. I. If in very fine condition your paper half dollar is worth 75 cents. See reply to J. C.

SANGERBUND. 1. The average weight of a boy at 14 is 86 pounds; height, 4 ft. 11 in. 2. The bicycle having been gradually evolved from the velocipede it would be impossible to say who first rode the former.

S. B. AND FRIENDS, 255 West 127th St., New York City, would like to hear from boys between 16 and 19 years of age, not over 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and living above 104th St., with a view of forming a military company.

F. H. A., New York City. The game being called on account of rain, before the agreed number of innings were played, was a draw and should have been so decided by the umpire. The score does not enter into the question.

E. G. P., Albion, Mich. We should say that of the two professions, short-hand reporting would be more advantageous for you to learn than wood engraving. See editorial in no. 238 on the latter calling. The average pay of reporters is below \$20 per week.

H. L. C., Central, S. C. Carrier pigeons are kept by all bird fanciers. The Antwerp birds, which are the ones for racing and carrying, cost from \$2 per pair upward. The English birds, more ornamental than useful, range from \$5 per pair upward.

F. L., Duluth, Minn. 1. See reply to "Sangerbund" in this column. 2. If you intend to enter college, take the full high school course. 3. We beg to decline the responsibility of naming the second best tragedian. That is a matter of individual judgment.

C. F. B. E., Philadelphia, Pa. To make hard soap from soft: Three parts of soft soap, one part of resin, one pound of borax, and two and a half quarts of salt; put it in a kettle and let it just boil; then set in a cool place over night; it will rise like tallow and can then be cut into pieces.

NORTH WEST, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Probably not. 2. Under the present regime of standard time there is no difference in time between the clocks of New York and Philadelphia. True solar time is five minutes slower in the latter city than in the former. 3. The salary of the Vice-President is \$8,000 a year.

W. H., Brewton, Ala. We would advise becoming a machinist in preference to a druggist, if you find you have any aptitude for the former profession. The machinist has far more scope for the exercise of originality and invention than does the druggist, whose aspirations, as a rule, are confined behind the counter.

AN ARGOSY READER, Madison, Ind. 1. We do not know how you can join the broken pieces and still keep the fit. Address the manufacturer. 2. For red writing ink: Best ground Brazil wood, four ounces; diluted acetic acid, one pint; alum, one half ounce. Boil slowly in a covered saucepan for one hour, and add one ounce of gum.

P. S. W., Jr., New York City. If you become a wood carver, you may some time be able to earn from \$15 to \$25 per week, or, setting up a shop, considerably more, if successful. But by following a mercantile pursuit, you have the possibility before you of acquiring a fortune. Now, for which do you feel yourself the better fitted?

O. S. I. The publisher of a periodical is the owner. The editor is a dignitary who directs the literary department. The waste basket is an elegant and conspicuous ornament of the editor's room. 2. The publications mentioned can be addressed at New York City, except the last, which belongs to Philadelphia. Sample copies are usually sent free.

MONEY BROKER, New York City. 1. Grease may be taken out of paper by covering it with a piece of blotting paper and passing a hot iron over the latter. 2. Certainly, money brokers will change foreign into American currency. The percentage of commission varies. We believe there is such an exchange on the Bowery just below First Street.

SPORTSMAN, Wellfleet, Mass. A good polish for a gun stock of mahogany, walnut or other wood is made and applied as follows: dissolve by heat so much beeswax in spirits of turpentine that the mixture, when cold, shall be of about the thickness of honey. Apply with a piece of clean cloth, and rub off as much as possible with a clean flannel or other cloth.

KIT WATSON, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. We cannot say. You will hear more of the blacksmith before the story ends. 2. Average height of boys of 15, 5 ft. 1 in.; weight, 96½ lbs. 3. Advertisements are carefully scrutinized as to their reliability before being accepted by us. 4. "Afloat in a Great City," is contained in nos. 171-188. It will appear in book form this fall, price \$1.25, post paid.

C. E. B. As to the stage, see our reply to "A Reader," in no. 240. If you become a type writer you may earn a fair living, but it is a pursuit which has few possibilities. The post of cashier is the best of the three. It commands a good salary and brings responsibility with it. Besides, as cashier you can learn the general business of the firm, and work your way to better things.

ROYALBACKSTAY, Baltimore, Md. Artists procure engagements to do illustrative work by submitting to the various publishers such meritorious specimens of their work as form convincing proofs of their ability. The drawings you send, while creditable for an amateur, are not quite up to our standard. Besides, for reproduction, they should be drawn with ink, which must be perfectly black.

DICK BROADHEAD, Portsmouth, N. H. 1. "The American Boy's Own Book of Sports and Games," or, "How to Get Strong," for information about gymnastics. We can furnish either. 2. "The Last War Trail" began in no. 226. 3. Mark Twain is the nom de plume of Samuel L. Clemens. 4. Average height of boys at 15 years of age, 5 ft. 1 in.; weight, 96½ lbs. 5. For a criticism on your handwriting, we beg to refer you to any copy book.

C. R., East Gloucester, Mass. 1. For advice for young men about to begin work see Editorials as follows: "How Success is Won," in no. 230; "Book-keeping or a Trade," in no. 235; "Winning by Work," in no. 237. 2. Consult advertising columns in recent numbers. 3. See Editorial "A Veritable Argosy," in no. 217. 4. We are always glad to answer questions of general interest. 5. "Luke Bennett's Hide-out" is founded on fact. 6. No premium on 5 cent piece of 1837. 7. Questions as to reliability of business houses are debarrd.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "colters," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given.

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

Edwin Nix, Butler, O. A bill file, for a font of script type.

Lyle Vincent, Macon, Mo. 10 tin tags, for every arrow head.

J. Jordan, Box 453, Willimantic, Conn. A canvas canoe for a tent.

W. W. Meeker, 17 Union St., Newark, N. J. Curiosities or books, for type.

Chas. Mitchell, Box 279, Butler, Ga. 1000 tin tags, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. B. Fuller, 377 Main St., Danbury, Conn. A mandolin, for an E flat or a B flat clarinet.

Ed. J. Brown, cor. 3rd St. and Broadway, Dayton, O. Tin tags, for the same. Lists, for lists.

J. E. Fair, 6 French St., Lynn, Mass. A 10 cent and a 15 cent United States scrip, for stamps.

Henry Janitzky, Central Falls, R. I. 500 foreign stamps, for a pair of nickel plated roller skates.

W. B. Edwards, 80 South St., Utica, N. Y. A hand bracket saw, stamps and tags, for a font of type.

J. M. Loomis, Colorado Springs, Col. 250 stamps, valued at \$5, for vol. I or II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

S. P. Ehrenberg, 251 East 53rd St., New York City, would like to correspond with collectors of autographs.

Jno. Deans, Jr., 506 West 33rd St., New York City. A stylographic pen, for vol. I or II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Jas. S. Longhurst, 169 Front St., New York City. A box of water colors, cost \$2, for an International stamp album.

A. Levy, care J. H. Driscoll, telegraph office, 428 Broadway, New York City. A press, valued at \$2.25, for a banjo.

M. A. Dittenhofer, 55 West Market St., Mansfield, O. Tin tags, for Indian relics or other curiosities. Send lists.

Jno. Burke, 24 Union Court, Lynn, Mass. A bond of the "Irish Republic," date 1865, face value \$20, for stamps or coins.

J. Halsey, 200½ Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2 oz. of lava from Mt. Vesuvius, for foreign or United States stamps.

Edwin W. Moore, Frenchtown, N. J. 210 different foreign stamps and 200 postmarks, for nos. 209 to 224 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Jno. Foy, 187 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A stamp album and other articles, for a no. 2½ Excelsior press. Write for list.

Daniel A. Ford, 223 Fourth St., South Boston, Mass. A rowing machine and a pair of Indian clubs, for a footpower scroll saw.

M. V. Clickner, 157 East 72nd St., New York City. "Orange Blossoms," by T. S. Arthur, for nos. 39, 40, 41, 42 and 47, vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Lizzie Sperry, Easton, Md. A magic lantern with 12 slides, and a pair of B. and B. ice skates, for an E flat cornet, Brook's E flat action preferred.

J. W. Allen, 132 Walnut St., Lockport, N. Y. A waterbury watch and a gold mounted stylographic pen, for a tennis racket—Leclerc preferred.

E. Broderick, Box 1, West Point, Va. A 15 foot boat, 2 pairs of oar oaks and a pair of light oars, for a bicycle, or a press, with or without outfit.

A. G. Bernhard, 338 East 88th St., New York City. A pair of foils, a waterbury watch, and four books, for Indian clubs, other athletic goods, ora rod and reel.

Peter Allen, 154 Grand St., New York City. A Columbian no. 1 self inking 5 by 7½ press, with cabinet of 12 cases, for a single saddle or bridle and spurs.

Wm. M. Campbell, 241 East 30th St., New York City. "The Rocky Mountain Series," by Castlemon, for a nickel plated bicycle bell. City exchanges only.

Frank McCoy, Box 1673, Muscatine, Ioa. A double cylinder horizontal engine, without boiler, cylinders 1½ in. by 3 in., for a 48 or 60 in. steel spiked bicycle.

Fred Harris, 190 South 2nd St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. A stylographic pen, a pack of baseball cards, 200 foreign stamps, and curiosities, for a magic lantern with outfit.

Theo. Pardee, 72 Jones St., Detroit, Mich. 150 tin tags and 40 foreign and United States stamps, for any book by Alger, Optic or Castlemon. Also, tin tags, for the same.

Hammond Talbot, Box 1109, Greenfield, Mass. A pair of roller skates, postmarks, a harmonica and curiosities, for a silver watch or vol. I, II, III or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. B. Leach, Box 132, Astoria, N. Y. "Flag of Distress" by Mayne Reid, and "Forging their own Chains" by Mary A. Roe, for "The Lost Trail" and "Campfire and Wigwag."

Wareham Mudge, Jr., Box 680, Brewton, Ala. A history of the United States by Alex. H. Stephens (cost \$5.50) and \$550 Confederate money, for a magic lantern and outfit.

John Brown, Urbana, Ill. A 130 egg incubator with electric heat regulator, and a telegraphic instrument, both valued at \$60, for a 50-in. steel spiked, rubber tired bicycle.

R. L. Van Dusen, 108 North 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A new Rogers scroll saw, a pair of all clamp ice skates, a violin and bow, a dictionary and a plane, for a canoe and paddle.

L. L. Farrish, 130 Philip St., New Orleans, La. A German silver life, "The Bad Boy at Home," "Peck's Sunshine," and a banjo, 12 brackets, wooden rim, for a 5 by 7½ press.

W. H. Velkumig, 653 La Fayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A miniature yacht carrying 8 ft. of sail, a brass engine with 8 in. stroke, a magic lantern with 50 slides, 2 fonts of type, a telephone and stamps, for a camera.

W. C. Sullivan, 2290 First Ave., New York City. 10 books by Scott and Dickens, 2 Spanish instruction books, a history of Greece and a dictionary, for a 24 bracket banjo, or vol. I, II, III or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. H. Carney, Maplewood, Mass. A drum (15 in. head) with shoulder strap and sticks, a jig saw, a football, a horizontal bar, some books and an athletic outfit, for a rowing machine, sporting goods, or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

E. W. Gallard, Box 1124, New York City. A printing press with two fonts of type, and a bull's eye lantern, for a compass worth \$3.50. Or, the foregoing, with a sword used in the Civil War and 350 stamps in an album, for a canvas canoe.



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FRANK A. MCKENRY, PUBLISHER,
21 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be E. Rosewater, editor of the Omaha "Herald."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. Back numbers can be had.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer from whom he is now buying his paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Four months, one dollar; one year, three dollars.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

AN open horse-car is rather a prosaic vehicle from which to expect a display of gallantry, yet the fact of a Boston schoolboy having given up his dry seat to an old lady with a bundle, and himself taking the wet one which otherwise she must have occupied, moves the *Post* of that city to liken the incident to the occasion when Sir Walter Raleigh threw his coat over a puddle in the path of Queen Elizabeth.

And the act was in every way worthy of the comparison, for it showed not only innate courtesy, but an opportune thoughtfulness, lacking which the courteous deed itself loses half of its charm. For it seems that there were several vacant seats in the car on the occasion mentioned, all of them, to be sure, outside ones, in the line for catching all the drippings from roof and sky. Still, how many would have excused themselves from moving, by pretending not to notice such details?

We hope that all our young readers would imitate the Boston boy upon a like occasion.

We will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, postage paid, to any address for three months, for 75 cents; four months, one dollar.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't worry about the heat. Some people are continually calling the weather to account for making them uncomfortable, whereas if they tried to think about something else the chances are that their temperature would be considerably reduced by the mere fact that they are not contributing to raise it by their own irritability.

To illustrate: how seldom do we hear complaints of the heat from a company of people playing tennis, although they may be exposed to the full glare of the sun; whereas it is safe to predict that these very same persons will at other times move restlessly from place to place on the piazza and about the grounds, mopping their brows, fanning themselves and declaring that it is the hottest day they ever experienced.

The difference lies in the fact that in the first instance they were interested in the game they were playing and had no time to think of the thermometer; whereas when they had nothing to do but endeavor to make themselves comfortable, they naturally thought of nothing else, with the unfortunate results already noted.

The same rule will apply to work. We venture to say that on a phenomenally hot day the average business man does not suffer any more discomfort, if as much, while going through his ordinary routine at the office, than if he had remained at home and devoted himself wholly and exclusively to keeping cool.

To sum up, we would recommend as the

most effectual method of enduring with comparative ease the midsummer warm waves, the devotion of as little time, thought and talk to the effort as possible.

IDLE CURIOSITY.

We do not know that Americans possess a larger amount of curiosity than any other nationalities. Indeed, we call to mind the fact that once when a friend in Paris stopped in front of a show-window on one of the boulevards to sketch a dress therein displayed, a member of the firm stepped out and politely informed him that the thing could not be allowed on account of the crowd it would attract.

However, we set out to tell of a funny happening on Broadway the other day, as related in an evening paper.

It seems that a tall man was observed to be looking very intently at some object in a store window. Two passers-by paused to ascertain what it might be. They were joined by others, until finally a crowd of a score or more had gathered, not one of whom could discover the center of attraction, although each had been craning his neck in the endeavor to do so ever since they had taken up their positions.

At last a boy made bold to inquire what it was the man saw that was so wonderful.

"Nothing," was the quiet response. "I am blind and am waiting here for my boy."

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is \$3.00. For \$5.00 we will send two copies, to separate addresses if desired.

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

No less an authority than President Dwight of Yale recently told the students of his university that material prosperity or wealth is not essential to happiness. In commenting upon this statement, the *Evening Sun* remarks:

Perhaps that is true, but we suspect that President Dwight is at least as happy as he would have been had he not been a rich man.

The college presidents preach nonsense when they bid their young men to look with indifference upon wealth. Instead of belittling the pursuit of it, they should encourage it.

The young men who are just about to begin life should be told something like this: Work for independence, for wealth. Make as much as you can, but make it honorably. You cannot make money honorably without helping other persons make it.

Then learn how to spend the money you have made. You cannot properly spend it without benefiting others. Be true to yourself, and then you will spend wisely and be happy.

Make money honorably; spend money freely and wisely. That is what the young men who are about to be graduated should be told.

We believe that our contemporary's remarks are wise. Great wealth is not essential to happiness; ill-gotten gain destroys it. The millionaire may not be happy; the swindler and the miser cannot be. Yet an honorable independence is necessary for the proper enjoyment of life, and every young man should work to obtain it.

THE TALE OF A BOY FARMER.

THERE is a boy living in a town in New York State whose achievements put to the blush the heroic deeds of precocious youngsters in dime novel literature. The facts of the case, according to the local newspaper, are as follows:

Two years ago the boy's father, who was a farmer, died, leaving a widow, four children, and an \$1800 mortgage on the farm. The eldest child, a boy of 15, set to work at once to try and carry on the farm. He has plowed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the place, has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all of the farm products.

Last summer he found time after his work in the fields to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods on Saturdays, and writes excellent letters to the local newspapers. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and his mother have enough money on hand to buy twenty more acres of land.

The home of this remarkable youth is in Phelps, Ontario County, and if any of our readers happen to live in the vicinity, we should be pleased to have their verification of the story.

FRANCIS W. DAWSON,
Editor of the Charleston "News and Courier."

THE career of Captain Francis Warrington Dawson, editor of *The News and Courier* of Charleston, South Carolina, is an interesting one. It gives us one more instance of success won by hard work, real merit, and steady devotion to principle.

He was born on the 17th of May, 1840, in London, England, and educated in the British metropolis. From youth up, his tastes were studious and literary, and he took an especial interest in watching the condition and progress of the United States.

Those were stirring times in this country, and as he witnessed the drama of events that led up to civil war, young Dawson's heart was fired with enthusiasm for what he sincerely believed to be the cause of liberty. When the first shot was fired, with a chivalry that we cannot but admire, whatever may be thought of his judgment, he resolved to sail for America and enlist in the Southern army.

When the Confederate steamer *Nashville* touched at Southampton, he approached Captain Pegram, the commander, and requested permission to join his vessel. The captain declined to help him; but young Dawson carried his point, for during the commander's absence he got engaged as a common sailor by the first lieutenant of the *Nashville*.

Good conduct and devotion to duty soon earned promotion. On reaching the American coast, and running the blockade at Beaufort, North Carolina, he was commissioned as master's mate, at Captain Pegram's recommendation.

He was stationed for a time at Norfolk and on the James River, but found his duties extremely monotonous. Eager for active service, he resigned his commission in the navy, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Purcell Battery, which formed a part of the Army of Northern Virginia.

This was in June, 1862, while McClellan was moving upon Richmond up the peninsula between the York and James Rivers, fighting almost continually. Before the month was over, Dawson was severely wounded at the battle of Mechanicsville. He remained at his gun till he fainted from loss of blood; and the conspicuous bravery he displayed in this engagement attracted attention, and procured him a lieutenant's commission.

As soon as he recovered from his wound, Lieutenant Dawson was assigned to Longstreet's corps as assistant ordnance officer. After the battle of South Mountain, in September, 1862, he was captured by Federal cavalry, and for some time had to endure the hard lot of a prisoner of war. Then he was paroled, and exchanged in time to fight at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862.

The following year he remained with Longstreet, taking part in the decisive struggle at Gettysburg, and in the subsequent Tennessee campaign. He was by his general's side when that commander was wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

In the same month he was promoted to the rank of captain, and transferred as ordnance officer to Fitz Lee's division, with which he fought at Spotsylvania Court House. He was slightly wounded at Harrisonburg, and more severely at Five Forks, one of the last battles of the war.

At the close of hostilities Captain Dawson surrendered, and was speedily paroled, when he found himself homeless and penniless—his only capital being a three cent postage stamp. He took the first employment he could get, and labored fourteen hours a day for thirty dollars a month as book-keeper in a store in Petersburg, Virginia.

In the autumn of 1865 he obtained a position

as reporter for the *Richmond Examiner*, and then worked in the same capacity for the *Richmond Dispatch*. It was at this time that he formed the idea of starting a paper in Charleston.

In 1866 Captain Dawson became assistant editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, and a year later he was able, in conjunction with Mr. B. R. Riordan, to carry out his design. They purchased the *Charleston News*, and in 1873 consolidated it with the *Courier* under the title of *The News and Courier*. The journal has been successful and influential throughout its career, and stands without a rival in the field it occupies. It is now owned by a stock company, in which Captain Dawson holds a large interest.

Captain Dawson has rendered many services to his city and State. He is one of the Charleston harbor commissioners, and a director of the water works company; he was among the organizers of the State Press Association, of which he was the first vice-president; and he is largely identified with the commercial interests of Charleston. Besides these numerous avocations, he personally supervises the management of every department of his paper, and altogether he still reckons his day's work at about fourteen hours.

He has steadily refused to be a candidate for

public office, although his position as editor of the leading newspaper of South Carolina gives him a powerful influence in the politics of the State. He has been a member of the State Democratic committee for nearly twenty years. In 1880 and again in 1884 he was a delegate to the presidential convention, and served on the National Democratic committee as member for South Carolina. He contributed powerfully to the election of President Cleveland.

His influence in his State has always been thrown on the side of progress and of peace, in spite of the censure and opposition of the extreme men of his own party. The part he played in the suppression of dueling was very honorable to him. Challenged by a notorious fire-eater, he had the courage to decline, and to commence a war upon the barbarous custom, at that time too prevalent in the South, which led to the trial of a duelist for murder, and the passage of an act in the legislature which effectually suppressed the so-called code of honor. For this service to the cause of civilization he received the compliment of the papal order of St. Gregory the Great.

Captain Dawson has been married twice; in 1867 to Miss Fourgeaud, of Charleston, and in 1874 to the daughter of Judge Thomas Gibbs Morgan, of Louisiana.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

—♦♦♦—

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SPEAKING without thinking is shooting without aiming.

THE more important an animal is to be the lower is its start. Man, the noblest of all, is born lowest. —Beecher.

GAYETY is to good humor as perfume to vegetable fragrance: the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. —Johnson.

THE impartiality of history is not that of the mirror which merely reflects objects, but of the judge who sees, listens and decides. —Lamartine.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind; an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. —Colton.

THE Pythagoreans make good to be certain and finite, and evil infinite and uncertain. There are a thousand ways to miss the white; there is only one to hit it. —Montaigne.

THE desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation; he is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private. —Addison.

A MAN who hath no virtue in himself ever envied virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other. —Lord Bacon.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. DAWSON.



THE HUNTERS, HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES, SAW A FIGURE STEP FORWARD INTO THE CLEARING.

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER V.

ERNEST WILTON'S ARRIVAL.

THE hunters had only a minute or two to wait, but the suspense seemed to last hours to one or two, especially to poor Josh, the cook. In his fright of being scalped by a possible Indian, he would have cheerfully given up all his chances of gold in the mine and everything, to have swapped places with the envious Jasper and been safe in camp.

In a little while the listeners heard the sound of twigs being broken near them, as if some one were making his way through the copse. Soon they could distinguish, in addition, the heavy tramp of footsteps—they sounded as heavy as those of elephants to them, with their ears to the ground—trampling down the thick undergrowth and rotten twigs in the thicket before them; and they could also hear a sort of muttering sound, like that caused by somebody speaking to himself in soliloquy.

Then a nondescript-clad figure came out of the brushwood into the open clearing, walking towards the spot where the mountain sheep lay stretched on the sward, which was partly covered with the snow that remained unmelted under the lee of the cliff; and a voice, without doubt belonging to the figure, exclaimed in unmistakable English accents:

"Well, I never heard of such a thing before in my life! I know I am a tidy shot, but if I were to mention this at home they would say I was telling a confounded lie! To think of killing three of those queer creatures at one shot! By Jove, who'd believe it?"

The listeners burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter.

"It's only a Britisher!" said Noah Webster; and they all rose from their covert and sallied out into the open, to the intense astonishment of the new-comer, whose surprise was evidently mixed with a proportionate amount of alarm, for he clutched his gun more tightly at the sight of them, and stood apparently on the defensive.

"We are friends," Mr. Rawlings said, "some of us your countrymen, if, as I judge by your accent, you are an Englishman. We are working a mine in this neighborhood. My name is Rawlings, and I am the proprietor of the mine."

"My name is Wilton—Ernest Wilton," the stranger said, taking the hand that Mr. Rawlings held out. "I am glad indeed to meet with a party of my countrymen."

Mr. Rawlings then asked Ernest Wilton how he came to be wandering among the Black Hills.

"Well," replied Wilton, "I will tell you my story. Some little time since I started from Oregon with a prospecting party that was organized to hunt up various openings for the employment of capital in mining and other speculative enterprises. With this party I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and went about from place to place, until about three days ago, when, while shooting amongst these hills of yours, either I lost them or they lost me. Here I have been wandering about ever since by myself, and would probably have come to grief if I had not met you."

"By profession I am a mining engineer, but the mine I had come from England to work turned out badly, and I accepted another engagement, thinking to do a little sporting and exploring on my own account before returning to England—nice sport I've found it, too!"

Mr. Rawlings gave the stranger an earnest invitation to spend a day or two with them down at the creek.

The visitor readily accepted; and the game being lifted and slung on poles, the party started for the camp, Mr. Rawlings strolling on with his new acquaintance, and

the others following, talking earnestly together.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Rawlings laughingly apologized for its state of dilapidation, but assured the visitor that it was far more comfortable than it looked.

Seth came to the doorway, and the other miners gathered round, to inspect both the welcome supply of fresh food and the stranger.

"This is Seth Allport, my lieutenant and manager," Mr. Rawlings said. "Seth, this is Mr. Wilton, an English mining engineer."

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Seth. "Now, who would have thought that?"

"You seem surprised at my being an engineer," said Ernest Wilton, laughing at Seth's exclamation; for even the hungry miners, who had been previously clustered in groups around Josh and Jasper, surveying the cooking arrangements of the two dark-eyes with longing eyes, appeared to forget the claims of their appetites for the moment on the announcement of what evidently was a welcome piece of news.

They incontinently abandoned the grateful sight of the frizzling mutton, that was sending forth the most savory odors, and joined the leaders of the party who were interviewing the young Englishman.

"I shouldn't have thought one of my profession by any means a strange visitor," Wilton continued.

"It isn't the surprise, mister," replied Seth cordially. "No, that ain't it, quite, I reckon. It's the coincidence, as it were, at this particular time. That's what's the matter!"

"I'm sure I ought to feel greatly honored at such an imposing reception," said Ernest, still rather perplexed at the ovation, which seemed unaccountable to him. "It is not such a very uncommon thing for an engineer to be traveling through these regions, is it now? especially when you consider that it has been mainly through the exertions of men of my craft, and the railways that they have planned, following in their wake, that the country has been opened up at all. I should have thought engineers

almost as common nowadays out West as blackberries in old England."

"You are right there," said Mr. Rawlings, hastening to explain the circumstances that had caused his arrival to be looked upon as such a piece of good fortune, quite apart from the friendly feelings with which they regarded him as a forlorn stranger whom they were glad to welcome to their camp. "But, you see, your coming, as Seth Allport has just remarked, has been almost coincident with a loss, or rather want, which we just begin to feel in our mining operations here."

"Your arrival has happened just in the nick of time, when we are nearly at a standstill through the want of a competent engineer, like yourself, experienced in mines and mining work. Hands we have in plenty—willing and able hands, too," added Mr. Rawlings, with an approving glance round at the assembled miners; "but we want a head to suggest how our efforts can be best directed, and our gear utilized, towards carrying out the object we all have in view. I and Seth have done our best; but, what with the overflow of water in the mine, and the necessity we think there is now for running out side cuttings from the main shaft, so as to strike the lode properly, we were fairly at our wits' end."

"I see," said Ernest Wilton musingly, "I see."

"An' if yer like to join us in that air capacity," interposed Seth, thinking that the other was merely keeping back his decision until he heard what terms might be offered him, and that a practical suggestion about money matters would settle the matter, "why, mister, we shan't grumble about the dollars, you bet! As yer knows, the kernel kinder invited yer jest now, when we had no sort o' reckonin' as to who and what yer were. That'll be no worry about yer share ov the plunder now—no, sir."

"Oh, pray don't mention that!" exclaimed Ernest Wilton, pained at the interpretation put upon his reticence in accepting the offer of the position made him. "Nothing was further from my thoughts."

I am too well acquainted with the open-handedness of the mining fraternity in the Golden State and elsewhere to dream of haggling about terms as to payment of my poor services."

"What, then?" said Seth. "We don't want to bind you down to any fixed sort of agreement, if you'd rather not."

CHAPTER VI.

ERNEST WILTON JOINS THE MINERS.

ERNEST WILTON hesitated a moment before answering.

"I was only considering," he replied, at length, vexed at his own hesitancy, "whether I could fairly give up the party with whom I started from Oregon, as I was under a species of engagement, as it were, although there was no absolutely signed and sealed undertaking. It wouldn't be right, I think, to leave them altogether without notice."

"Nary mind the half-hearted lot," said Noah Webster, at this juncture, putting his spoke in the wheel. "Didn't they leave yer out alone in the mountains? I wouldn't give a red cent for sich pardners."

"But I promised to stay with these fellows till we got over to the settlements on this side," said Ernest Wilton, smiling at Noah's characteristic venemence against those half-hearted companions of his who had held back while he had gone forward by himself, "and I like to keep my word when I can, you know—at all events, I ought to send and let them know where I am."

"We sha'n't quarrel about that," said Mr. Rawlings, kindly, to put the other at his ease, for some of the rough miners did not appear to like the Englishman's hanging back from jumping at their leader's offer. "A man who is so anxious to keep his word, even with people who left him in the lurch, will be all the more likely to act straightforwardly towards us. Don't, however, let that fret you, for you will be able to communicate as easily with your friends, and more so, by stepping here with us, as by going on to the nearest frontier township."

"As soon as the snow has melted, and the roads become passable again, there will be a plentiful supply of half-breeds, like Massé there, and other gentry, with nothing particular to do, come hanging round us, who will gladly carry any message or letter for you across the hills—for a little consideration, of course," added Mr. Rawlings, with his bluff, hearty laugh.

"Ay, that there'll be," said Seth Allport. "Don't you trouble about that, mister; but jine with us a free heart, and run our injine for us, and we'll be downright glad, I guess!"

"That we will, sure!" chorused the miners, in a body, with a shout.

And so, pressed with a rough but hearty cordiality, Ernest Wilton consented to be a member of the mining party in the same frank spirit, and was now saluted as one of the Miniturne Creek adventurers in a series of ringing cheers that made the hillsides echo again, and the cavernous canyon sound the refrain afar.

Jasper and Josh were now quite reconciled after some "little bit of unpleasantness" between them, that had resulted in operations tending towards a lowering of the wool crop, as far as each was personally concerned. They were unfeignedly glad the rather prolonged conference was over.

They had been gazing at the group gathered around the young Englishman with a sort of puzzled wonder, and listening to scraps of conversation they chanced to overhear, without being able to make out what the matter was about, with feelings of mingled expectancy and impatience at the length of the debate.

When it was all settled, as they could see from the dispersal of the group, their joy was great, especially that of master Jasper, who felt his dignity hurt, as a former steward and present butler in ordinary, on account of the neglect paid to his intimation that the viands were ready and "dinner served!"

"Hooray!" shouted out Josh, throwing up his battered straw hat into the air, and capering round the improvised caboose, in response to the miners' ringing cheers on Ernest's consent to join the party and act as engineer of the mine. "Me berry glad Massa Britisher am now one of us, for sure! Golly, we nebba hab to put up with dat nasty salt pork no more now, yep, yep! Massa Britisher am berry good shot, su-ah! Him shoot tree sheep at one go. Golly, Jasper, you no laugh. I tell you for true!" And the negro cook grinned himself, to the

full extent of his white teeth, while administering this rebuke to his darkey brother.

"Shoo! go way wid yer nonsenz, and don't bodder me," responded the hungry and aggrieved Jasper, who did not appreciate the joke, the young Englishman's humorous mistake as to the result of his rifle shot not having yet been promulgated for the benefit of those in camp.

"Am none ob you gentlemen comin' to dinnah, hey?" he called out, more loudly; "Massa Rawlin's tell me to hab tings ready in brace o' shakes; and now tings fix up right smart, nobody come. Him berry aggerabating—can't understand it nohow!"

"None o' your sass," said Seth, gruffly, although the lurking smile on his face took off from the effect of his words; "none o' your sass, Jasper, or I'll keelhaul you, and make you fancy yourself aboard ship once more!"

"Me not sassy, Massa Seth. I se hab too much respect for myself, sah, for dat! I only tells you as de meat's done and gettin' cool, dat's all, while yons be all jabberin' 'way jus' like passul monkeys. No imperance in dat, massa, as I sees!"

"Stow that, you ugly cuss," said Seth, good humoredly, for he was used somewhat to Master Jasper's "cheek" by this time. "You're jest about as bad as a Philadelphia lawyer when you get your jaw tackle aboard!"

"Now, boys," he added, hailing the miners, who were nothing loath to obey the signal, "the darkey says the vittles are ready, and you as wants to feed had better fall to!"

During this little interlude, Ernest Wilton had been closely engaged in watching the actions of the poor boy, "Sailor Bill."

His face had attracted him from the first moment he caught sight of him; but when he had more leisure to observe him, after the palaver with Mr. Rawlings and the miners was over, and he noticed certain peculiarities about the object of his attention which had previously escaped his notice, his interest became greatly heightened.

Sailor Bill had altered very much in appearance since the day he had been picked up in the Bay of Biscay, and taken on board the Susan Jane, a thin, delicate-looking boy, with a pale face and a wasted frame.

The keen, healthy air and out-of-doors life out West had worked wonders with him, and he was now rosy and stalwart, his body having filled out and his cheeks grown much fatter, while he was even considerably taller than he had been some six months previously.

As on board ship, Sailor Bill stuck to Seth Allport as his shadow, moving where he moved, stopping where he stopped, with the faithful attachment of a dog, albeit wanting in that expression of sagacity, which even the dumbest specimen of the canine race exhibits on all occasions.

Seth Allport seemed to be the mainspring of the boy's action. After a time it became almost painful to watch the two, although the sailor had now grown accustomed to being followed about in so eccentric a fashion. So had, indeed, the rest of the party, who were not so distinctly singled out by the poor boy's regard; but it was all new and strange to Ernest Wilton as he watched and wondered.

"What is the matter with the boy?" asked he, presently, of Mr. Rawlings, who, from the fixed observation of his companion, had been expecting the question. "Poor fellow, he doesn't seem all right in his mind; and a healthy, nice looking boy, too!"

"Yes," said Mr. Rawlings, tapping his forehead expressively, and speaking feelingly as he looked affectionately at Sailor Bill, whom all had learned to like as they would have done a pet dog. "Something wrong there, although I hope in time he will get over it in the same way he came by it, if God so wills it!"

"I suppose he's got some story attached to him, eh?" said Ernest Wilton.

"No doubt," answered Mr. Rawlings; "but nobody but himself knows it!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEL.

ERNEST WILTON'S curiosity seemed to grow deeper. "Why, I feel quite interested in the boy," he said. Besides, his face seems quite familiar to me, somehow or other. Yes, it's really quite familiar," he repeated.

"Is it?" said Mr. Rawlings eagerly, hoping that the young engineer might be able to tell something.

"Yes," replied the other, "and I cannot tell how or where I have seen some-

body like him before. But I shall recollect presently, I have no doubt, after a little more reflection."

"We picked up the poor chap at sea, half-drowned, and bleeding from a very terrible cut across the forehead; and such a slender thin shaving of a boy that you would not have known him to be the same as he is now!"

"Indeed!" said Ernest Wilton with greater interest even than he had displayed before; and thereupon Mr. Rawlings told the whole story of Sailor Bill's rescue, and how he afterwards saved the life of Seth Allport, to whom he had thenceforward attached himself; and how the worthy sailor had refused to part with him, and brought him out West.

The young engineer had been carefully noting all the points of the narrative while the other was speaking; and seemed to revolve the whole circumstances of Sailor Bill's history in his mind with a view to solving the mystery.

"It is a curious case," said Mr. Rawlings, "for the boy was lashed to the spar that supported him in the water, and he couldn't have done that, with the wound he had received, by himself; so that gets rid of the theory of his being half-murdered and pitched overboard. Altogether, the story is one of those secrets of the sea that will never be unraveled, unless he comes to his senses at some time or other and tells us all about it!"

"And you don't know his name, or anything?"

"No, only just what I have told you."

"Had he no marks on his clothing, or anything in his pockets, that might serve for identification, should any one claim him by and by?" said Ernest Wilton, pursuing his interrogatories, like a cross-examining barrister fussy over his first case.

"He had nothing on but his shirt and trousers, I tell you," said Mr. Rawlings, laughing at what he called the badgering of the other, just as if he were in a witness-box, he said; "the boys don't carry many letters or documents about them, especially in their trousers' pockets; at all events, they didn't do so when I was a boy."

"Stay," he added, bethinking himself suddenly of one item of the story he had apparently forgotten till then, "I certainly passed over something."

"What?" said Ernest, still looking at Sailor Bill steadfastly, as if trying in vain to summon up the recollection of his features from the hazy depths of his memory; for the face of the boy seemed more and more familiar to him the longer he looked.

"Well," replied Mr. Rawlings, with a little hesitation, "I don't suppose you want to know about the boy merely to satisfy an idle curiosity at seeing the poor, bereaved, young creature to be out of his mind?"

"Certainly not," said Ernest Wilton. "What you have already told me, besides his own innocent, guileless look, has interested me strangely in him; and, in addition to that, I'm sure I know something about him or somebody extremely like him, which I cannot at present recall to my recollection."

"I believe you honestly," replied Mr. Rawlings, stretching forth his hand in token of good faith, which the other cordially grasped; "and, that being the case, I can tell you something more, which only Seth Allport and myself know about, and which we have kept to ourselves as a matter of confidence on the poor boy's behalf."

"Of course Captain Blowser of the Susan Jane knows about it, too, as he was entitled to by rights, for having picked the little chap up; but he's at sea, and it doesn't matter whether he divulges it or not, as it wouldn't be of much consequence to the boy; here on land, however, where anybody might track him out for interested or other motives, it is a very different matter; so I must ask you on your word of honor to keep the circumstance to yourself."

"Most decidedly," said Ernest Wilton heartily; "I pledge you my word I will—until, at all events, you think it best, should things so happen, that it ought to be divulged."

"All right," responded Mr. Rawlings, trusting implicitly in the other's discretion. "Now, I'll tell you. When I said that the boy had only his shirt and trousers on in the way of garments, and that there was nothing in his pockets to disclose his identity, I related you only the simple truth, for there was nothing to trace him by. I remember that Captain Blowser, of the Susan Jane, regretted afterward that the spar to which we found him lashed had

been cut adrift, without any one having examined it carefully to see whether there might not have been the name of the ship painted on the yard, or some portion of the canvas, or something else in the top along with the boy—for there was the topmast and yard, and all the gear of the whole mast complete, as if it had been carried away in a moment.

"But you recollect what I told you, of the boy's dashing out of the cabin as if he had been taken with a sudden frenzy, and going to rescue Seth Allport when he was swept over the side by the broken topsail halyards in that squall?"

"Yes, quite well," answered Ernest Wilton.

"Well, after that he fainted away almost dead again for some time; and when I was bending over him trying to rouse him, I noticed a thin silken string round his neck, which I hadn't noticed previously, nor had Jasper the steward, although his shirt had been opened there, and his bosom bared in our efforts to resuscitate him, when we first took him down into the cabin."

"A fine silken string?" repeated the other, as Mr. Rawlings paused for a moment in his recital; "a fine silken string round his neck?"

"Yes; and on drawing out the end of it I found a small parchment parcel, carefully sealed up with red sealing-wax, and an official kind of stamp over it which had been before concealed in an inside pocket cunningly secreted in the waist-band of the boy's flannel shirt."

"And this parcel contained—?" said the young engineer with breathless attention.

"Ah! that's what I just don't know," said Mr. Rawlings with provoking coolness.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON; or
The Fortunes of a New York Bootblack
By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MR. SIMMONS CONSULTS HIS AUNT'S LAWYER.

LEAVING Madge for a time in Brooklyn under the charge of Mrs. McCurdy, it becomes necessary to record some events likely to affect the destiny of our hero, Ned Newton.

Elias Simmons was in pecuniary difficulty. He had a good business, but was not a good manager. He tried to do more business than his capital would warrant, and this led to a difficulty in meeting his bills as they came due. It was not only embarrassing, but aggravating, when he considered that a temporary loan of three or four thousand dollars from his rich aunt would remove all trouble.

But he did not dare to ask for it. The suspicions of Miss Eunice would be excited, and she might cut him off altogether. As matters stood, he felt that he was sure to inherit the large property of his near relative provided she could remain ignorant of the existence of Mrs. Newton and Ned. He was very anxious to learn whether the old lady had made any provision in her will relative to these two. It occurred to him that it would be well to call upon his aunt's lawyer; and that he might have a good excuse for doing so, he decided to ask the attorney's assistance in making his own will.

Accordingly one morning he bent his steps toward the office of the lawyer on Nassau Street.

Paul Holbrook seldom appeared in court, being more of a consulting lawyer. Mr. Simmons sent in his card, and was admitted into the office.

The lawyer was an elderly man, with a scanty fringe of hair inclosing a large bald space, like a horse shoe, on the top of his head. He had a courteous manner, but his eyes were sharp and twinkling.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Simmons?" he asked, for he had a passing acquaintance with the merchant.

"I have been thinking of making a will, Mr. Holbrook, and knowing that you were my aunt's legal adviser, I have decided to apply to you."

"I shall be happy to give you what aid you require. I hope I am not interfering with the prerogative of any brother lawyer."

"No; I have no lawyer of my own."

"I am quite at your service, sir."

Mr. Simmons drew out a half sheet of paper on which he had made some notes.

The lawyer took from his desk a blank form containing the usual general matter, and waited for instructions.

It is not necessary to go into particulars. It is enough to say that Mr. Simmons disposed by will of at least four times as much property as he actually possessed. It was meant as a blind, to impose upon the lawyer, and through him upon his aunt, to whom he supposed the lawyer would communicate the particulars. In this, however, he was mistaken. Mr. Holbrook had strict ideas of professional honor, and didn't feel at liberty to communicate the confidences of his clients, even when they were closely related.

He made no comment upon the instructions he received, but rapidly wrote the will in accordance with Elias Simmons's directions. Then he rang the bell, and secured the presence and signatures of three of his neighbors as attesting witnesses.

Then Mr. Simmons came to the real object of his visit.

"Has my aunt been here lately?" he asked. "Not for some weeks. I will, however, take advantage of your presence, to put some questions to you relative to some relations of Miss Simmons, whom she is anxious to find."

This was precisely what Mr. Simmons wished to speak about, and he answered briskly.

"I am glad you mentioned this, Mr. Holbrook," he said. "I know my aunt's anxiety on the subject, and indeed I am working as her agent in the matter."

"The persons are, as I understand, Mrs. Newton, the widow of Richard Newton, the actor, and her son."

"Yes, sir."

"The lady was a niece of my client."

"Yes, sir, her niece, and my cousin."

"She was, I believe, opposed to the marriage."

"Yes, sir, and for a time discarded the niece, and cut her off from all favor."

"So she has told me. Now, can you give me any information touching her, or throw any light upon the probability of her being still alive?"

"I have been able to obtain no positive information, but am strongly disposed to think that both the mother and son are dead."

"We should want something stronger than that. My client will not be satisfied without positive proof. I may say that she herself has a conviction that both are still living."

Elias Simmons shrugged his shoulders.

"Aunt Eunice was always very decided in her opinion," he said. "She has told me the same thing."

"In the absence of any positive proof one way or the other, she perhaps has as much right to her view as you to the opposite."

"You are quite right, sir. I may, however, suggest that were Mrs. Newton alive she would probably before this have sought out and communicated with her aunt."

"That may or may not be. She did, after her marriage, make overtures towards a reconciliation, did she not?"

"Yes."

"And they were decidedly rejected?"

"Yes; that is true."

"Supposing now that she was a proud or sensitive woman, it would deter her from trying again."

"Perhaps so."

"Then that is not conclusive. Do I understand that you have been trying to obtain information on the subject?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask what steps you have taken?"

"I have employed a special agent. I may also say that I think I am on the track of some positive evidence, tending to show that both mother and son are dead."

"That certainly would be very important. How soon do you think you can inform me upon this point?"

"In a few days, I hope."

"I shall be glad to have you wait upon me at that time then, or, if inconvenient, I will call at your store."

"I wouldn't think of putting you to that trouble. I will call here."

"Thank you."

After Elias Simmons left the office, the lawyer said to himself thoughtfully, "I don't know how it is, but that man doesn't impress me favorably. He looks to me insincere and unreliable. As to his opinion on the subject of Mrs. Newton being still alive, it must not be forgotten that, setting her and her son aside, he is sole legal heir to the large fortune now in possession of Miss Eunice Simmons. It is plainly against his interest for her to come to life, since it might cost him over a hundred thousand dollars, supposing the fortune to be divided equally between the two."

At this moment, an old acquaintance, a broker named Hiram Ford, entered the office. He was an old school-mate of the lawyer and on intimate terms with him.

"How are you, Holbrook?" he said, in an off-hand manner.

"Very well. Take a seat."

"I met Elias Simmons, the furnishing goods dealer, on the stairs."

"Yes, I was doing a little business for him."

"I wonder if he consulted you as to the best way of settling his bills."

"Has he any trouble of that kind?" asked the lawyer with interest.

"Yes; he is always in pecuniary difficulty."

"You surprise me. Why doesn't he sell out his stocks and bonds, and raise money in that way?"

Ford laughed.

"Because he hasn't got any," he replied.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes; the man's paper is in very bad repute. I used to handle some of it, that being in my line, but now I won't touch it."

Mr. Holbrook made no comment. In the will dictated by Elias Simmons he had made specific bequests of at least forty thousand dollars in stocks and bonds.

"What was his object?" the lawyer asked himself. "He wishes to deceive me with reference to the amount of his property. I think I can guess the reason why."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NED MEETS MR. SIMMONS.

THE next morning it occurred to Mr. Simmons that he would call upon his aunt and ascertain, if possible, whether she herself had obtained any information about the Newtons.

He was in a state of feverish anxiety lest this should be the case. If Miss Simmons discovered Ned and his mother, she would be likely to learn that he had long known of her existence, even employed the son, and had carefully kept back the knowledge. He knew his aunt well enough to understand that in her anger she would probably disinherit him altogether. He began even to wish that he

had himself brought about a meeting between Mrs. Newton and Miss Simmons. In that case, he would at all events have made sure of one half of his aunt's property, as he could have done nothing better calculated to please her.

Mr. Simmons rang the bell at his aunt's door. His ring was answered by Jane Barclay.

The faithful companion looked very much agitated, and the dark rims around her eyes showed that she had been deprived of sleep.

"Can I see my aunt, Miss Barclay?" asked Elias politely.

"Oh, Mr. Simmons, she is very sick," answered Jane Barclay.

"You don't tell me so!" said Elias, assuming a decorous anxiety. "What is the matter with her?"

"It's pneumonia, the doctor says."

"That is indeed serious."

"Yes, poor dear, at her age."

"What does the doctor think of her chances of recovery?" asked Elias Simmons eagerly.

Jane Barclay shook her head and burst into tears.

"I am afraid she is going to die, Mr. Simmons."

"Don't be too anxious, Jane!" said the merchant. "I will see that you are provided for if the worst happens."

"As if I was thinking of myself!" said Jane, indignantly. "I was only anxious about her."

"Of course, of course!" said Elias, seeing that he had made a mistake. "But I was thinking of your faithful service to my poor aunt. Can I see her?"

Jane Barclay shook her head.

"No," she said; "I am under strict orders from the doctor not to let any one disturb her."

"I don't think I should disturb her, Jane. Remember that I am her only living relative."

"I don't know about that. Miss Simmons is convinced that Hester is still alive."

"I wish she were," said Elias, sympathetically; "but I am obliged to say that I think there is very little chance of it."

"Miss Simmons has dreamed three times that Hester was alive, and the boy, too, and nothing will convince her that she is dead."

Elias Simmons shrugged his shoulders.

"You are too sensible a woman to put any faith in dreams, Jane," he said.

"Does that mean that your aunt is not sensible?" demanded Jane, sharply.

"Certainly not, Jane," replied Elias, hastily; "but aunt Eunice is an old lady now, and more credulous in such matters than she used to be. Then I can't go up?"

"No; the doctor won't allow it. But here comes the doctor now."

"Then I will step in and take a seat until he has concluded his visit. I feel very anxious, Jane."

"You can step in if you want to, sir," answered Jane Barclay, but not cordially.

The doctor was up-stairs some twenty minutes.

When he came down Elias waylaid him at the foot of the stairs.

"How is my aunt?" he asked, with real anxiety, though it is to be feared that this anxiety was rather that his aunt should die without the knowledge that his cousin were still living.

"She is in a very critical condition, sir. She may live, or she may die. To-morrow will probably settle the matter."

"But what is your opinion, doctor?"

"I shall express none. While there is life there is hope," said the physician, sententiously.

"That means that she will probably die," thought Elias.

He left the house with his mind divided between anxiety and excitement.

"If she only dies ignorant of Hester's existence," he said to himself, "the whole property will come to me. What a glorious end that would make to all my anxieties!"

Arrived at Fulton Ferry, Mr. Simmons had a fright.

Standing near the gate was Ned Newton, who, having an hour at noon, had crossed the ferry to see for himself whether Madge were selling matches at that point.

"What can the boy be here for?" Elias Simmons asked himself in alarm. "Has he any idea that his mother's aunt lives in Brooklyn?"

Mr. Simmons felt so nervous, as this thought presented itself, that he walked up to Ned and asked him abruptly: "What brings you here?"

Ned resented this question, especially as the man who asked it he felt had done him serious injustice.

"I have as much right to ask why you are here!" he retorted, coldly.

"Don't be impudent, boy!"

"How have I been impudent? I am not in your employ, Mr. Simmons, and I am not accountable to you for my actions."

"Did I hear that you have a new place?"

"If you did, you heard correctly."

"Where is it?"

"Mr. Simmons, I do not consider you as a friend of mine, and I do not care to tell you."

"What are you afraid of?"

"You might try to get my new employer to discharge me."

"I don't wonder you fear this, knowing under what circumstances you left my store."

"There were no circumstances that I have reason to be ashamed of."

"Perhaps not, but most boys would be ashamed of being charged with theft."

"The boy that made the false charge—a charge shown to be false—has reason to be ashamed. I understand that you have taken Leon back."

"If I have, that is my business."

"Quite correct. As I have found a better place, I shall not complain."

"You seem to be neglecting your duty now. Your employer has an office on the other side of the ferry."

"This is my noon hour, and I shall be back in time. I say this, though I owe you no explanation."

"You won't stay long in your place, I venture to predict."

"Why have you such a prejudice against me, Mr. Simmons?"

"You don't need to be told."

"There's a reason why you should feel a friendly interest in me."

"What do you mean?" asked the merchant nervously.

"You don't need to be told," said Ned, significantly.

"Does he know that we are related?" Elias Simmons asked himself in alarm. "He has never before intimated as much. Something must be done! He is getting dangerous."

"I don't care to hold any further communication with you," he said abruptly, and hurried to the boat.

Ned noticed his manner and drew his own conclusions.

"He knows of the relationship," he said to himself. "Why should that make him my enemy?"

Had Ned suspected the existence of a rich relative, as near to his mother as to Mr. Simmons, he would have been sharp enough to understand. But his mother had never said much about Aunt Eunice. She had felt wounded by the cold and harsh manner in which she had been treated by her aunt, and had no hope, even if her aunt were living, that she would ever be forgiven. She did not make allowance for the softening influence of a lonely age. As to any pecuniary benefit to be derived from her wealthy relative, she had never once thought of it.

Ned looked anxiously about, but found no trace of Madge.

Later in the day he saw Dennis Sullivan.

"I was at the South Ferry and Fulton Ferry," said Dennis, "and did not find Madge at either place."

"Well, Dennis, try again to-morrow. I won't give up till I have found her."

CHAPTER XLIX.

A CONVENIENT WITNESS.

THE next morning there was a favorable change in the condition of Miss Simmons. When the doctor called he seemed much relieved.

"I think the crisis is past," he said. "My patient has a strong constitution, and I have no doubt that she will pull through."

"Has any one called to see me, Jane?" inquired Miss Simmons.

"Yes, Miss Eunice. Your nephew called yesterday."

"No doubt he was very much grieved to hear of my danger," said the old lady, ironically.

"That is what he said," answered Jane, dryly.

"I understand Elias Simmons very well," continued the old lady. "He cares for no one but himself. He thinks he is my sole heir, and he is naturally very much interested in my health."

"I don't want to prejudice you against him," said Jane, "but I haven't much faith in his attachment."

"Do you know, Jane, I have my doubts about his being the right one to search for Hester."

"I have no doubts at all, Miss Eunice. He would be sorry to find her, in my opinion."

The old lady, sick as she was, nodded with emphasis.

"He doesn't blind me," she said. "I see through him. He is acting against his own interests, though he doesn't know it. If, through his means, I should find Hester and her son, I should give him more than I propose to do if she is not discovered."

"I think you are right, Miss Eunice. Would it do to drop a hint to that effect?"

"No; I will let him take the consequences of his selfishness."

A ring at the door summoned Jane, who found the subject of discussion waiting anxiously for tidings of his aunt.

"Is my aunt still alive?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Jane, watching his expression closely.

"Does the doctor think she will live?" inquired Elias further.

"He says the danger is past, and that she will recover."

The countenance of Elias Simmons fell—he could not help it, for he was disappointed—and Jane saw and interpreted the expression rightly.

"I feel very thankful," he said in a voice which belied his words, "I feared the worst."

"Yes, no doubt," responded Jane in an equivocal tone.

"Do you think I might see her?"

"I don't know, I will ask."

Jane went to the sick room, but returned with the answer that Miss Simmons didn't feel equal to the exertion.

"I could not stand his hypocritical show of grief, Jane," she said. "I know very well he is waiting impatiently for his share of my property, and it would excite me to see him. Hester was not like that."

"No, Miss Eunice, she was not."

"I was a stupid and wrong-headed woman to treat her as I did. I believe she was really attached to me."

"I believe so too—I am sure of it."

"Yes, Jane, I know you always took her part. It made me angry once, but now I like you the better for it. It's a terrible thing to be as old as I am, and to feel that the one who is nearest to you in blood wishes you out of the way."

"It would be still worse if that person was one to whom you were attached."

"True, Jane; I never did like Elias. I always distrusted him. If I thought Hester felt that way, I should take it much harder."

When Elias Simmons left the house, his face was gloomy.

"The old woman is going to live after all," he muttered. "As long as she lives I am in danger of losing all by the chance of her discovering those Newtons. If I could only get them out of the way!"

This did not seem easy, however. Ned had secured a good place, and was likely to retain it. If he were out of employment it would be much easier to devise means for getting him and his mother out of the city. But if a wicked

deed is contemplated there is usually found some way of compassing it. Elias Simmons set his ingenuity to work to devise some scheme that would suit him.

Meanwhile he prepared to convince the lawyer that Mrs. Newton and her son were both dead. This intelligence, he knew, would be communicated to his aunt, and he thought she would be more likely to credit it if it came through her lawyer.

One morning Mr. Holbrook, while sitting in his office, received the card of Elias Simmons, with a request for an interview.

He directed that he should be shown into the office.

Mr. Simmons was not alone. With him was a man of about his own age, bronzed by exposure to the weather, and bearing about him the unmistakable signs of a seafaring life.

The lawyer regarded him with an inquiring glance.

"Mr. Holbrook," said Elias Simmons, in a deferential tone, "let me introduce Captain John Roberts, a merchant captain."

"I am glad to see Captain Roberts. Take seats, gentlemen, and let me know what I can do for you."

"You remember, Mr. Holbrook, that on my last call I told you I had a clew to some information respecting my cousin Hester."

"Yes."

"Captain Roberts has given me tidings which make it clear that both she and her son are dead."

Paul Holbrook eyed Captain Roberts sharply. He did not like his looks. It was not easy to define why the man seemed to him untrustworthy, but that was the conviction which forced itself upon him. Of course he did not allow this unfavorable impression to be seen.

"I shall be glad to hear what Captain Roberts has to say," he answered.

"It was five years since," the captain commenced, "that I found myself in command of a ship bound for California around Cape Horn. We took a limited number of passengers. Among these passengers was a pleasant looking lady, who gave her name as Mrs. Hester Newton. With her was a boy of about ten years of age, her son Edward. He was a bright, manly looking boy, full of life and meriment."

"One question, Captain Roberts. How did it happen that Mrs. Newton took a trip to California?"

"She had been thrown upon her own resources by the death, or supposed death, of her husband, Richard Newton, the actor. She had found it difficult to make a living for herself and her son in the East. Fortunately, as she thought, she was offered a place as housekeeper in the family of a merchant in San Francisco, who had never seen her, but engaged her solely on account of his respect for the talents of her late husband. He offered her a liberal salary, and permitted her to keep her boy with her. The offer was too great to be rejected, especially as this merchant sent on money to defray the passage of herself and her boy. Well, we sailed. The weather was unusually stormy, and we were obliged to put in at Rio Janeiro for repairs. There Mrs. Newton caught a low malarial fever, and a little later her son was attacked in a similar way."

"They were both sick when we put out to sea again, but it was impossible to leave them, for they were without means. Well, to make a long story short, the fever grew worse instead of better, and in less than three weeks from the time we left Rio, both mother and son died, and were consigned to the deep."

"It was a sad tragedy!" said Elias Simmons, pulling a long face.

"How long since was this, Captain Roberts?" inquired the lawyer.

"Five years."

"I must trouble you to remain while I commit your narrative to writing. I will then read it to you, and, if correct, I will ask you to sign it."

"Certainly, sir, I will do so with pleasure."

"Now," said the lawyer, after this was done, "let me have your address, as I may wish to see you again."

"Mr. Simmons will always be able to tell you where I am."

"Very well; that is satisfactory."

The two men left the office.

"How did I do it, Simmons?" asked the captain.

"Splendidly. You told the story so glibly that you almost persuaded me that it was true."

"I flatter myself it was all ship-shape. Now I'll trouble you for what you promised me."

Elias Simmons counted out a hundred dollars in bills, and the two separated.

"Come to my store to-morrow, and we'll attend to the other matter," said Simmons.

Ned would have been surprised had he been informed that his mother and himself had been dead five years, according to the sworn testimony of Captain Roberts.

(To be continued.)

HOME MADE GYPSIES.

THE ARGOSY has already during the summer noted two novel methods of taking an "outing," namely on horseback and aboard a raft, and now we have to announce a third idea of this unique order.

A contemporary informs its readers that a party of Philadelphia people will spend most of the summer in what they call a "gipsying trip." They expect to start early in July, with a coach, several buckboards, a number of riding horses and some half dozen bicycles. Everything necessary for comfort and convenience will be carried along.

In a pleasant gipsy fashion the party will travel through the most charming parts of the different States, taking steamers to cross rivers only when necessary, and stopping at country inns or wherever they can over night. They will make Mount Desert their destination. Several of the gentlemen will go on bicycles and some of the ladies on horseback.

on the point of pushing the reversing lever over still further, when he saw it was not necessary.

Underneath the pasteboard mask, the youngster laughed heartily at the terror of the knaves who were so quick to leap from the engine. He let the steam into the cylinders as fast as they would stand it, and in a very brief space Forty-Nine was flying over the rails toward Rapidan.

Jack snatched off the false face and slipped it into the box, from which he took his cap and donned it, then gave his entire attention to running the engine. Young as he was, he had seen his father handle it so often (and indeed had been allowed to do it himself under the parent's eye), that he had little trouble in covering such a short distance. Had the run been longer, necessitating the use of more coal and water, he might have found the task difficult, if not impossible.

Great was the excitement when he brought the locomotive to a halt at the Rapidan station and briefly told his story. A large force of men were speedily collected, an engineer and fireman quickly summoned into service, and inside of half an hour Forty-Nine with a car attached was dashing back to the Bear Swamp to the rescue. With what success has been told already.

Young Jack received a handsome reward from the shippers of the gold, and his father (who of course understood who the "ghost" on Forty-Nine was, the moment he saw the engine start) was highly complimented for his coolness and presence of mind. He served on the road until his increasing years and infirmities compelled his retirement on a pension, and I am happy to say that he is still living hale and hearty, having some time since passed the mark of three score and ten.

As for Jack—well, I dare not say much about him, lest you should set to work and unearth his identity, for which he would never forgive me. Possibly, if you have attended any of the picnics or entertainments of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, you may have seen the handsome, smiling Jack with his wife and little boy, who although only five years of age is another "chip of the old block."

THE END.

A FISH THAT RUNS AWAY WITH A SHIP.

WHEN we take into account the various savage monsters that inhabit the depths of the sea, rendered doubly awful and mysterious by the opaque nature of the element in which they dwell, we should make some allowance for the proverbial superstition of the sailor.

A fresh contribution to the stories of ocean terrors is made by a correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who introduces to our notice the so called blanket fish, a name of itself ominously suggestive of smothering.

The first description is given in the words of a Mexican half-breed, once a Pacific pearl diver.

"I have left the business," he began, "and have done with it for good or bad. It's a dog's life, this diving, and I would not go back to it for anything you could offer. Why? Well, I am tired of it, and I was covered with a blanket fish on my last trip down, and the second time means death. Am I sure?" and the half-breed smiled. "Well, I never knew it to fail. There were Ramoles, Narra, Nalona, all from my family, killed by the blanket fish, and every one had his warning."

"I have seen a good many of them in my time, but I was never cornered except once, and that was a year ago. I was one of the party that went to the pearl grounds in the Centipede, the boat that was never heard from after her next cruise. It came my turn to go down, and over I went; but as soon as I got down I felt that something was wrong, that something was going to happen as soon as I struck the bottom."

"I landed among a fine lot of pearl shells, and had begun to fill my basket, when all at once I noticed a darkening about me and looked up. I saw what appeared to be a blanket slowly settling down over me. I knew I had a chance, so I crowded down close to the bottom, hoping the fish wouldn't see me, and by luck it didn't. Just as it was ten or twelve feet off something alarmed it, and it darted away."

"I was hauled up more dead than alive. I judged that the fish was at least thirty feet across, and if it had settled on me nothing could have saved me."

"This blanket fish," said an American later on, "is nothing more nor less than a big ray—the *manita diabolis* of science, and these yarns, though founded on fact, are a good deal overdrawn, though I am willing to confess that I have been as badly scared as the Mexican."

"Some time ago I was down the coast on a trip, and one evening I saw what I supposed to be a shark sailing about near the vessel. Wishing to have some sport I put out the small boat, and taking two or three men, pulled over to it. As it came by I put a harpoon into it. The next moment there arose

from the water a ray that must have been twenty-five feet across at least. It looked as big as a house, and as soon as it showed up my men screamed out, 'the blanket fish.' They were Mexicans, and half scared to death."

"A moment later we were rushing over the water faster than I ever went, before or since. The fish took us up the little bay, then turned and came down toward the schooner, going like a steam engine. We piled up in the stern to keep her from sinking. Just as we got opposite the schooner the fish drove right under her about amidships. Before we could make a move to cast off we struck the schooner."

"To make a long story short we found ourselves in the water alongside. The rope had broken and the blanket fish gone. The force of the contact had smashed the cutwater of the boat in pieces."

"The divers have an idea that these fish settle down on you, as they have a very broad surface and a peculiar undulating motion in the water, using the side fins like wings. They are almost as powerful as a large whale, and one twenty-five feet across could undoubtedly move off with a large ship. In almost every locality where they are found stories are told of their carrying off vessels."

"Several instances of this have happened in the Gulf of Mexico, where devil fish, as they are called there, have run off with smacks and small fishing vessels during the night. In one instance a skipper 'turned in' at night in a harbor and awoke in the morning to find himself out of sight of land, a big devil fish having run foul of the anchor and gone out of the channel so silently that none of the crew noticed it."

Tampa Bay, Florida, is a famous place for these monsters of the deep, and often schools of a dozen or more are seen swimming about in circles. These rays are among the largest fishes known. Two immense fish extend out from each side, while from the tail projects a long lash-like whip, capable of doing severe execution.

The writer was once poling a boat over the Florida reefs in the vicinity of Key West, when a comrade, who had been sitting astride the cut-water dangling his feet in the water, threw himself back into the boat with a yell of pain, while a huge black ray darting off over the white sand told the story. Both of his feet were cut almost to the bone. The weapon that produced the injury was a delicate whip-like lash, smaller than a man's little finger.

On still nights, in sub-tropical regions, the rays are often chased by sharks, and leap from the water in their attempts to escape, falling with a tremendous crash. The man-eating sharks, with their thick skins, are safe from their attacks, and often bite out great pieces from the side fins of the monsters.

At San Pedro and the various watering places from San Diego north, the ray family makes itself disagreeably conspicuous. The smaller ones have a habit of hiding in the sand, and presenting their spines for bathers' feet, while others are provided with electric batteries, which not rarely give the fishermen powerful shocks. I have known a man to be disabled for several days by harpooning one. The shock given by these fishes has been compared to that of a single Leyden jar, and can be plainly felt by fifty persons in a circle.

HOW WE GROW.

THOSE of our readers who question us about the average height and weight of boys and girls will read with interest the following particulars from the *Popular Science Monthly*.

The rate of growth in children varies according to sex. Thus at the age of 11 and 12 years, boys are larger and heavier than girls; but from that age on, the evolution of the girls is more rapid, and they soon overtake the boys and pass them, till the age of 15 years is reached, when the boys regain the ascendancy, while the girls remain nearly stationary.

A curious relation has been discovered between the growth of children in stature and in weight. M. Malling-Hansen, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Copenhagen, has for three years weighed and measured his pupils daily; and he has observed that their growth does not take place regularly and progressively, but by stages separated by intervals of rest. Weight also increases by periods after intervals of equilibrium. While the weight is increasing, the stature remains nearly stationary, and vice versa. The maximum of increase of stature corresponds with a minimum period of augmentation of weight. The vital forces appear not to work on both sides at once.

These variations are subject to the influence of the seasons. During Autumn and early Winter, according to M. Malling-Hansen, the child accumulates weight, while his stature increases slowly; but during spring, stature receives a veritable push, while weight increases but little.

Some local habits have an influence on the stature. Stendhal remarked that many Roman girls had deformed vertebral columns, or were a little hump-backed, and found that it was the result of a popular belief prevailing in Rome that parents could promote the growth of their children by punching them in the back!

A POISONED LAKE.

NATURE is a subtle chemist. Food and poison, it has often been remarked, are near akin, and so many slight changes in the air we breathe, the water we drink, or the meat we eat would destroy human life, that it is wonderful to reflect how rare are such cases of wholesale poisoning as that recorded below.

The waters of Dawho Lake, in Georgetown County, South Carolina, were recently infected

ed by some mysterious agency, which killed a vast number of fishes. An investigation was made, and the result was thus reported:

A dense mass of black gum trees surround the lake on all sides. It is well known that the leaves of these trees are strongly impregnated with tannic acid. It has also been ascertained that the bottom of the lake contains a slight deposit of iron. The poisoning of the water, therefore, is thus explained: The hail storm filled the lake with bruised leaves and small branches from the trees, the tannic acid emanating from which mingled with the iron and formed tannate of iron, causing the water to turn black as ink and bitter as quinine, and poisoning the fish by thousands.

One species of the fish inhabiting this lake survived the singular disaster, and that was the mud-fish, which buried itself in the mud at the bottom, and thus escaped the effects of the poison.

The stench arising from the mass of dead and rotten fish is described as fearful. The thousands of buzzards in taking their departure in the evening for their roosting place after a day's feast are described as making a noise similar to that of an approaching cyclone.

Near each end of Dawho Lake, about half a mile distant, is a small lake in which numbers of fish abound, but which upon examination shows no signs of the hail storm which swept over Dawho. This confirms the belief that the direct cause of the disaster to the fish is due to the hail storm.

The Civil Service Reformers

say their object is simply to retain good men in office when you find them. This theory may be safely applied to the treatment of the human system by means of medicine. Those who have once tried Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for scrofulous swellings and sores, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, spitting of blood and consumption, will apply to it the real principle of Civil Service Reform and "hold fast to that which is good."—Adv.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. No labor or wash-board. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.—Adv.

Since Ladies have been Accustomed to use Clean's Sulphur Soap in their toilet, their personal attractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse skins. Sold by druggists.

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MONEY AND PLENTY OF IT! \$10 every day. Don't wait. Send 2c. stamp for outfit at once. J. R. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$10. WILL BE PAID to the person who sends us a correct solution of The Lincoln Club Puzzle before June 1st. This offer is made in good faith to introduce this fascinating puzzle. Over 1000 already sold. Send 18 cts. postage and try for the prize. L. C. P. Co., Drawer 27, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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TO STOUT PEOPLE. OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the proper diet, advice, and full explanation HOW TO ACT, sent in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of four stamps. "The only common sense work on corpulence ever issued."—*Med. Review*. Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY as they appear from week to week. It is not a mere device for fastening the papers together at the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, with the name "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY" stamped in gilt lettering on the side. Each binder holds fifty-two numbers, or a complete volume; it keeps the paper neat and clean, and is extremely handy. We are prepared to furnish it in two styles: flexible press board, price 50 cents, or stiff manila cloth, 60 cents. When ordered by mail, fifteen cents additional must be enclosed in each case to prepay postage. Full directions for use accompany each binder. Address, FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.

WHAT WAILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eruptive Eruptions rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

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Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

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MAGIC FRECKLE CURE

Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Moth Patches, and all discolorations without injury, & imparts to the skin purity & velvety softness. Send only ten cents part of the world for \$5. The W. HILLARD CO., Buffalo, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely, and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS (S.V.), leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have no blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all impurities and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and soothe a pimple or pimple to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents stamps, or two for 50 cents, by GEORGE S. STODARD, Druggist, 1228 N. Second Street, Buffalo, N. Y. My FRECKLE-WASH cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent post paid for 30c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

JULY.

THE glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born,
Then they will be exempt and free
From care's doubts and anxiety.

SAILOR TOM'S YARN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE worst v'y'ge I ever made? You're asking me a hard one, my lad. For there's different degrees of hard voyaging, so to speak.

For instance, a sailor ships in one of these wild packets where the cap'n is a bully and his officers a couple of shades worse. From dock to dock it's a word and a blow, with the blow two minutes before the word. If you get ashore with a skin full of whole bones, you haven't had so hard a v'y'ge as some others that goes to the hospital with smashed jaws or broken limbs.

Or mebbe, fool-like, you get inveigled aboard a deep-water whaler, though I will say no reg'lar A B in his sober senses gets caught that way often. Two and perhaps three years you're cruising after sperm, and finally get into port with part of a cargo of oil, your share not being enough to pay your outfit bill. *That's a hard v'y'ge!*

And so it goes, which if the dog-watch wasn't nigh half spent, I might keep illustrating of. But I mind one particler v'y'ge that was hard enough for me. It was this way:

Being American born and bred, I've mostly sailed under my own flag as a matter of principle, d'ye see? American sailors being scarce at best, and our ships' fo'c'sles full of dirty foreigners for nigh twenty years past, growing worse all the time.

I did make a cruise in a Chineese junk in '65, but that was entire by accident, as some night I'll tell you about. But in '72 I got stranded in London with wages to the States two pound ten, and three pound five offered foreign. So it came about I shipped in the brig Clara Desmond bound for the West coast of Africa.

I knew tolerable well what part of the cargo was like to be, but I was a little took aback when come to get fairly aboard I see there was a youngish and an older gent which the steward said was missionaries, goin' out to a mission on the Gaboon River.

"The same old story; rum, gun-powder and missionaries. I'd rather it were you than me was goin', for you're sure to come to grief somehow," says an old shipmate who came down to see me off.

But the missionaries wasn't to blame for the cargo, was they? In point of fact, as I found out after, they didn't know what the cargo was, passage having been engaged for 'em by other parties. But there's a certain class of folks always sneering at religion that likes to represent such thiings in the worst kind of light.

It was in the middle of March, the toughest time in the year on the English coast, in my way of thinking.

We had a fairish wind through the Straits of Dover, and then it chopped round dead ahead with half a gale blowing and that thick you couldn't see the brig's length half the time.

There was eight of us before the mast, she being a lump of a brig, for English owners are more particular not to have their vessels sail shorthanded, as well they may, considering the starvation wages. Four were Roosians or Roosian Finns, two Irish, and one the one which begun trouble hailed from Australia under the name of Boxer, which wasn't his right name any more than mine is Harry Hale. There's some of us fellows in the forecassle that ain't willing to carry a respectable family name along with us.

Boxer had been paid off from a deep-waterman and blowed in something like fitty pounds inside of three weeks. So when he come aboard he was that shaky Cap'n Gore wouldn't send him aloft; besides, he was on the ragged edge of delirium tremens! Why, talk about selling one's soul for drink, after he'd been aboard six hours, Boxer would have sold his and all his relations to boot for a glass of liquor. Temperance lectures with illustrations! A vessel's fo'c'sle is where you'll hear and see 'em, and they ain't stereopticon views, either!

From the time Boxer found out there was rum in the hold, I think he grew crazier. He begged like a dog for Cap'n Gore to give him the least drop, but the old man was solid against it, and dosed Boxer with valerian and such. Boxer kept his bunk, and it was all hands on deck the biggest part of the time, so we never mistrusted what he was up to.

First I took much notice of either of the passengers was when we was three days out beating down channel under reefs, somewheres midway betwixt Cape La Hague on the French coast and Prawle Point off Devon. The oldest of the two, a Mr. King, was sick of course, but this younger one, a Mr. Venn, didn't seem to have an idea of such a thing.

He was a slim palish sort of chap, but come to look close at him, I noticed he had considerable muscle and sinew under his white skin. And when all to once he sprung and grabbed holt of the tops'l hal-yards above the rest of our hands, and surged down on it with a regular sailor "sing out," "my fine fellow," I says to myself, "your fingers has been in a tarpot, or I lose my guess."

Being one hand short, Cap'n Gore, though

'twixt the fo'c'sle (which was below deck,) and the for'ard hold. Then, somebody noticed one of the boards was loose, whilst there was a tremendous smell of rum in the fo'c'sle itself.

We mistrusted what it meant in a minute. We shoved the board away—and the whole thing comes to me now like a photograph.

What with the rolling and pounding, some of the upper tier of the cargo had shifted. Three or four of the powder kegs was stove atop of the puncheons and easks of rum, and there sat Boxer in the middle of 'em. One of the half empty kegs was jammed down into a heap of loose powder to stiddy it, and in the end banghole was a lighted tallow dip with paper round the butt to keep it in place!

Boxer had somehow got a big gimlet from the carpenter's room and tapped a rum puncheon. And there he sat a-straddle of it like a seafaring Bacchus, drinking the raw liquor out of a tin pannikin as though it was water, whilst every time the brig rolled a little heavier than usual, you could see the powder keg with the candle in it work back and forth in the powder heap!

I've been scar't in my day, but never noth-

squeezed himself through the narrow place in the bulkhead and gripped Boxer's two wrists in his hands, which I never would have believed was so strong.

"Charlie," the parson says solemn-like, "you aren't yourself, come—"

But "Charlie," as he called him, wasn't himself, by no manner of means, and he grappled the parson with a yell that was awful. But the parson lung on with a death grip, and we fellows broke through the bulkhead to help him.

It wasn't long before that candle was in safe hands I can tell you, and then Boxer, lashed hand and foot, was carried into the fo'c'sle and tied in his bunk.

But all this while the mate was in charge of the deck, and the wind hauling further and further to the south'ard and east'ard, was driving the brig to loo'ard. And just as Cap'n Gore run on deck the reefed fore-sail bust and blowed into rags in a twinkling.

The brig's sails were old any way, and the fore-staysail went flying after the fore-sail! And before we could get new ones bent, the Clara Desmond was drifting to loo'ard to'ard Burr Island, where the breakers ran half masthead high as far as we could see.

There's a low water shoal of shifting sands within two cables' lengths of the island, and there the brig took bottom—for she would neither wear nor stay without head-sail, and in a wind and sea that was fearful, to put it mild.

The mainmast went by the beam, and Captain Gore with the mate, a Cornishman named Penryth, was swept away by the same sea, along of two of the crew.

One of our boats was stove, and the other was no good any way, though the parson, who was the coolest man aboard, tried to get us to put it over, for the second mate, Mr. Fields, was laying to wind'ard with a broken leg, and there was nobody to take charge.

But, speaking for myself and the rest as far as I could see, we were about used up, and sailor like, couldn't see any chance of saving ourselves or being saved. Then of a sudden, through the driving murk and spray, comes an English lifeboat that had been towed from somewheres nigh Plymouth by one of those little sidewheel iron steamers that we Americans make fun of, sometimes.

The brig was breaking up aft fast, but the lifeboat managed to get under the bows and somehow get a line to the cathead, and I'll say this—I never saw such work done before or since, for the ebbing tide made a sea that was perfectly awful.

It was the parson who was first to see the signals from the lifeboat's coxswain, and out he went on the stump of the bowsprit with a coil of the jib hal-yards.

"Now then, boys," he sung out, and while we made our way out and one by one slipped down into the boat, he got aft, dragged old King, who was half dead with fright, for'ard, and lowered him down.

"Come on, parson!" we roared together, as we saw him dive down the fore peak. "Let that drunken Boxer drown!"

But Mr. Venn wasn't that kind of a man. Next thing we saw he had Boxer, who was dazed and stupid like, hauling him out on the bowsprit. Then he put the jib hal-yards in Boxer's hands and down Boxer came in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

But no one paid attention to him! One of those awful green cresting seas, higher than the foremast head, came sweeping down to wind'ard of the brig.

"Hold on all!" was the cry, and only for the lifeboat being one of those self righting and self relieving ones, I wouldn't be here telling this yarn.

We hung to the life-lines along the gunwale as she capsized, but the painter parted and she was swept toward shore. Before the breakers was reached they righted the boat, and we were dragged up on the beach more dead than alive.

The parson! We never saw him again! Mr. King only said in a feeble sort of way, after he knew the truth, something about "laying down one's life for a friend." But did Mr. King mean himself, or did he mean Boxer, whom perhaps Mr. Venn had known as some one else.

I only know this—Mr. Venn preached the biggest missionary sermon on record, the night of March 13, 1872. Aye, aye—strike eight bells there, for'ard!



ONE BY ONE THE CREW OF THE WRECKED VESSEL SLIPPED DOWN INTO THE LIFEBOAT.

he opened his eyes tolerable wide, made no manner of objection to the passenger taking holt for a pull whenever he liked. And seeing this, Mr. Venn came on deck an hour or two after, without his tail coat and white ehoker, wearing a regular sailor shirt and Scotch cap.

"I've been to sea some, cap'n," he says, in a quiet sort of way, "and it'll do me good to stir round with the men a little—I'd like to."

Cap'n Gore stared, and smiled in his dry way, but said nothing. And Mr. Venn did stir round.

We had two reefing jobs before noon—first a single, then a double, and both times I'm blessed if the young feller wasn't to the weather yard arm hanging on to the lift with his earrin' ready rove to haul out, before we men was fairly on the yard!

Yet he didn't forget his profession neither. It was Kelly, the worst swearing man aboard, stood next him, and when Kelly begun his reg'lar cursing, Mr. Venn says:

"Mr. Kelly, your own priest would tell you you were endangering your soul—and the sail doesn't pick up a bit easier either."

"Right you are, parson," says Kelly, and Mr. Venn was the "sailor parson" after that with all hands. He knew just what to say and when to say it—and we fellows took to him mightily, 'specially as all but sleeping for'ard he filled Boxer's place in the watch day and night.

But it was awful weather, and we were two days and nights benting to windward before the Eddystone light showed up. This was early Sunday forenoon, and when the watch was sent below, Boxer wasn't in his bunk.

Now there was only a board bulkhead

ing like that. I only wonder my hair didn't turn white in a minute, as the story writers say.

"I don't think as quiek as some, and while I was standing staring, Peter, one of the Finns in my watch, had run aft to Cap'n Gore, and the next thing I saw was the old man standing right behind me with one of those Prooshan army "needleguns" cocked and ready for action.

"Hullo, cap," Boxer sung out, waving the pannikin round his head, crazy as a eoot, "come on, and have just one drink before it's too late. Because," he said, going on quick and fast, "I'm a man of education, and this sending rum and missionaries to Africa isn't quite the thing, so I'm going to send the whole kit of us skyligh directly the candle gets burned a trifle lower!"

Passengers included, there were fourteen of us all told, at the mercy of one sailor, crazy drunk! and as he lured for'ard, having the idea of snuffing the candle with his fingers so we could see, Captain Gore jerked the gun to his shoulder.

"God forgive me!" I heard him say sort of under his breath, as he steadied himself and glanced along the barrel.

"Wait one moment!"

It was the parson—and as he spoke in a half whisper, he pulled the captain's fingers away from the rifle's trigger guard.

"Step back," he whispered, and pushing himself in front of Captain Gore, who was struck aback for the minute, he sung out: "Daey—Charlie Daey!"

Drunk and crazy—both in fact—Boxer started back like he'd been shot, instead of being within a hair's breadth of it.

Before Boxer could speak, the parson

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

Author of "Lion Jack," "Jack in the Jungle," "Struggles and Triumphs of P. T. Barnum," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A ZEBRA HUNT.

DICK BROADHEAD told Jingo to order his bearers to hurry forward. He was anxious to discover the cause of the disturbance among the vanguard of the Katendi army.

"The valley along which the river flowed northward was at this point narrower, bounded on either side by rolling hills of no great height, which were covered with short grass and low bushes. On the slope of one of these hills, on the opposite side of the stream, the natives had observed a herd of zebras grazing.

"Now the zebra, the striped horse of Africa, is an animal which the traveler cannot see every day. He keeps almost entirely to mountainous districts, and is only found in wild and untraveled parts of the country. And even when they are met with, zebras are not easy to kill or capture. They are as fleet-footed as the pronghorn of the Rocky Mountains, and generally as timid. They graze in herds on the hillsides, and station the oldest and most experienced zebra as a sentinel, to warn the others of any approaching danger.

"In this case the zebras seemed to be unusually bold. They stood fearlessly upon the grassy slope of the hill, in plain sight of the Katendis. Perhaps their curiosity at the strange spectacle of the passing army had overcome their timidity, or possibly they relied on the fact that a river separated them from the natives.

"The zebra is greatly prized by many of the native tribes of Africa, where he is found, not only for the sake of his flesh, but also, when captured alive and tamed, as a beast of burden.

"That the Katendis were not going to pass by the chance thus offered to them, was soon made clear. The joyful shouts with which the warriors who first noticed the zebras announced their discovery, were soon silenced, and preparations were made for a systematic hunt. A body of natives was dispatched along the stream, with orders to swim across it at a point half a mile further down, and by circling round to get behind the herd and drive it toward the lower ground. Another party of hunters was sent in the opposite direction, to intercept the animals' flight.

"The sporting instinct was very strong in Dick Broadhead, and a hunt for such unusual game as this aroused his interest at once. It would have been a very long shot at the zebras from where he now was, but by crossing the stream he might have got within easy range, if he approached them carefully among the bushes, for the wind was blowing from them to him, and they could not have detected him if he kept out of sight.

"He did not wish, however, to expend a single one of his scanty stock of cartridges, even though a successful shot would probably raise him still higher in the estimation of the Katendis. He was determined

to reserve them for cases of actual danger to the lives of the travelers—and such dangers were sure to arise.

"But he was anxious to join in the chase, and he wanted to find some better weapon than the long heavy spears of the natives. An idea was suggested to him by the sight of an assegai which was carried by a warrior who was marching near him.

"It was closely wound round, for nearly its whole length, with a narrow strip of what looked like thick, untanned hide, whether for ornament or to strengthen the shaft he could not tell. By means of Jingo's services as an interpreter, Dick obtained a loan of this weapon from its owner, and scrutinized it more closely. He found that the rawhide thong would answer his

Across the river, all three alighted from their litters, and concealed themselves among the bushes, waiting for the natives who had been sent to drive down the zebras.

"Why, how did you get that rawhide, Dick?" asked Griswold, when he saw the lasso that young Broadhead had improvised.

"Dick explained, and looking around among the natives who stood near them, he found another Katendi who spear was decorated like the one he had borrowed. The owner readily gave up the long leathern thong, Dick making clear by signs the use to which he meant to put it. In this way Griswold was provided with a serviceable lasso. Carter said he did not think he could

"The frightened animals seemed not to know whither they should flee, and turned first to one side and then to another, or halted for a moment in indecision; then, following the leader, they dashed off at the top of their speed, striking obliquely down the slope and toward the river.

"The direction of their flight, however, would not bring them near the spot where the travelers were lying in ambush, ready to spring out upon them as they passed. The zebras were making for a spot between the hills and river, where there was a gap in the line of hunters that surrounded them on other sides.

"The natives who were with Dick Broadhead and his friends sprang forward with furious shouts, and tried to head off the escaping animals. They were too far away, and the zebras had almost passed beyond the hunters, and gained the open country beyond, when a dark figure sprang up directly in their path.

"It was Jingo. The white men had not noticed his absence, but while they were dozing as they lay in ambush for the zebras, he had slipped away, and posted himself where he foresaw that he might be able to do good service.

"The leader of the herd was close upon him when he leaped from a small hollow in the ground, waving his long arms, and yelling with all his lungs. Dick and his companions thought they had never heard such a hideous noise as the Kaffir made.

"His tactics were effective. With a snort of terror, the leading zebra turned sharp away and galloped off, apparently at random, and directly towards the spot where the white men were crouching among the bushes.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE KATENDIS AND THEIR FOES.

DICK BROADHEAD'S fingers tightened around the coil of the lasso as he saw the swift-footed zebra charging down upon him. He was crouching behind a low thorn bush, and in front of this there was a considerable stretch of open ground, along which the wild horses were rushing.

"The leader was not a half dozen yards from Dick when he sprang forward and stood directly in the path of the galloping herd. The animals were running so fast that it seemed as if they could not possibly stop or turn, and Dick must be knocked over and trodden under their feet.

"But the foremost zebra partially stopped himself, and turned off obliquely. In another

moment he would have been out of reach, but before he could recover his speed, Dick had swung the coil of rawhide twice around his head, and sent it hurtling through the air.

"The throw was a skillful one, and a lucky one as well. As the zebra, in executing his sudden turn, tossed up his hind legs, the slip noose settled down upon one of his hoofs.

"For a moment the animal continued its career, and then, as the suddenly tightened rawhide pulled its foot from under it, fell rolling over and over on the ground. Dick had braced himself firmly to meet the shock, but he, too, lost his balance, and was dragged down, still holding the end of the lariat.

"He was on his feet in a moment, before the zebra could recover itself. Fearing that the rawhide might snap if he held his captive by it, Dick ran to the fallen animal, and grasped it by its head, to which he clung, in spite of all its kicking and strug-



AS THE ZEBRA TURNED TO FLEE, DICK SENT THE LASSO HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.

purpose well, and provide him with the weapon he wanted.

"Hastily untwining it from the shaft of the spear, Dick found that it was smooth and flexible, and by tying a running knot in the end he provided himself with a very fair lasso. Dick knew something of the use of the lasso—a deadly weapon in skillful hands—and had formed the ambitious project of capturing a live zebra, if by good luck the herd came in his direction.

"The first thing to be done was to cross the river. This was accomplished without even wetting the soles of his feet. The natives who were carrying Dick's litter would not let him get out when he began to do so in order to swim or wade across. They bore litter and all to the other bank, fording the stream at a place where the water was very shallow, not rising above their knees.

"Dick shouted to Griswold and Carter to follow his example, and they easily made their bearers understand what was wanted,

use one with effect, so he borrowed an assegai.

"There was a long wait before the natives could get round behind the herd to drive it down toward the stream. Dick began to fear that the zebras would escape, as they had moved gradually round the slope of the hill where they had been grazing, and only one or two of them now remained in sight.

"Nearly an hour had been passed in the broiling afternoon sun, and Dick had almost fallen asleep, when the stillness of the tropical valley was suddenly broken.

"One of the zebras, who was probably the sentinel of the herd, raised his head and sniffed the air uneasily for a moment; then with a shrill whinny, he gave the signal of danger, and the stampede began!

"It was hastened by a series of yells that arose from different points along the crest of the hills. The Katendis had done their work skillfully. When the sentinel zebra scented their approach, they had already got behind the herd, and cut off its retreat.

gling, until several of the Katendis came up and secured the zebra.

"Meanwhile Griswold had succeeded in capturing a second zebra, getting his lasso over its head, and nearly strangling the poor creature before it could be released. A third had been killed by the spears of the Katendis, but Carter's efforts had proved ineffectual.

"I couldn't do anything with that heavy spear," he said. "The zebras got out of range while I was getting ready to throw it. I wouldn't take either of your rifles," he added, as Dick expressed his willingness to surrender the weapon he had so long carried; "but I wish we could manage to get hold of two or three more guns."

"Dick told him of the one that the Katendis treasured up as a fetish, which might perhaps prove of service to the travelers, if they could get possession of it.

"While the zebra hunt had been in progress the native army had marched forward, only leaving about a hundred warriors to take part in the chase. They were a part of Angol's followers, and the chieftain himself was among them.

"The two captured zebras were presented by Dick and Griswold to Angol, who accepted them with evident delight. The day was now far advanced, and at the Katendi chief's suggestion it was decided to camp for the night on the scene of the hunt; on the morrow, he added, by starting early, they could reach his village, the principal one of those belonging to the tribe, before nightfall.

"A quantity of brushwood was gathered and heaped together, and as the sun went down a roaring camp fire was started. At this the flesh of the slain zebra was roasted. Some of it was presented to the white men, who found it coarse and unpalatable, though the natives ate it eagerly, and, of course, in the good old style which prevailed before forks were invented.

"But roast zebra was not the only food procurable. Some of the hunters had chanced upon a gemsbok and killed it with their spears, and its flesh proved to be far superior to the zebra's, to the travelers' taste. At any rate they managed to make a rude but hearty meal, and then, stretched upon the ground, they fell into the deep and dreamless slumber of utter exhaustion.

"As the first rays of the sun crept over the hills to the eastward, they were aroused by Jingo, and found that the natives were preparing to resume their journey. And all that day, with brief intervals, the march was steadily continued.

"The country through which the travelers were now passing was as beautiful as fairy land. The river, constantly increasing in size as brooks flowed from the mountains to join it, wound through a level valley of about a mile in width, and evidently of great fertility. On either side rose wooded slopes, crowned with bare granite peaks that towered upward in places to a height of several thousand feet.

"It was not until the middle of the afternoon that the travelers saw any sign of human habitation, and they thought it strange that such a desirable piece of country should be without tenants, while in other parts of Africa teeming tribes were struggling for the possession of sandy tracts of desert. And the few villages which they did at length see were built, not in the level and fertile valley, but high on the mountain slopes, in rocky and uncultivated spots.

"Jingo was instructed to ask Angol why the Katendis did not descend from these inaccessible dwellings and occupy the plain below. In reply to his questions, the travelers learned that the existence of the tribe was not a peaceful or a prosperous one.

"The Inganis were not their only enemies. The Katendis were hemmed in between them on the south, and the powerful and warlike tribe of the Kabangos on the north. Bengula, the fierce despot who ruled over the Kabangos, hated the Katendis, and made constant raids upon their territory. He had a special grudge against Angol, the Katendi chief went on, whose father had slain the predecessor of Bengula, and the Kabango monarch had sworn to be revenged sooner or later.

"It was for security against their unrelenting foes that the Katendis had perched their dwellings among the mountain fastnesses, driving their cattle down into the valley by day only.

"Angol was evidently disquieted as he talked on this subject. A guard was always left to defend his village, he said, in case of sudden attack, but on this occasion every man of fighting age had been summoned to join the expedition against the

Inganis, and none except the boys and old men left behind to protect the village.

"The old chief seemed to have a presentiment that some disaster had occurred during his absence; and the feeling was soon and startlingly verified.

CHAPTER XXXI. A SAVAGE CONFLICT.

"THE white men and the native warriors who accompanied them did not make a halt at any of the Katendi settlements, but pushed onward as rapidly as possible toward Angol's village.

"To reach this, it was necessary to pass through a long and deep defile, where the valley narrowed, and lofty granite cliffs rose on either side of the river. The ravine was wide enough, however, to offer no obstacle to the travelers' progress, and the Katendis had constructed a tolerably good road along it.

"About half the length of this narrow defile had been traversed, when a native appeared coming along the road in the opposite direction, and running at the top of his speed. As soon as he saw the returning hunters, he began to shout and wave his arms excitedly, still running onward.

"Neither Jingo nor any of the natives could understand the meaning of his cries and signals, till he reached them, breathless and panting. Then followed a hurried colloquy between Angol and the new arrival. The tidings he brought were evidently disastrous, for they evoked shouts of dismay and rage from the warriors who crowded around him.

"Jingo interpreted as much as he could make out of the confused and broken words of the messenger.

"It appeared that when the army of the Katendis returned from the abandoned expedition against the Inganis, those warriors who dwelt in the villages by which the travelers had already passed, had left their comrades and returned home; while the main body, who belonged to Angol's village and the country around it, had marched onward through the ravine.

"They had passed beyond this, and were nearing the village in question, when they were suddenly set upon by a large band of warriors in whom they recognized their enemies the Kabangos. Surprised and outnumbered, the Katendis were soon worsted in the sharp fighting that ensued; many of them were killed, and the rest had fled back to the ravine.

"At the lower end of the defile they had rallied, and were now, assisted by the natural advantages of their position, holding it against the Kabangos. The messenger had been despatched in hot haste to summon the assistance of the Katendis who lived further up the valley; and when he had given a brief account of the situation to Angol and his companions he hurried onward to accomplish his mission.

"This was terrible news indeed to the Katendis. Their enemies had penetrated into the heart of their country, and although Angol could not be certain as to the fate of his village there could be but little doubt that it had been captured and razed to the ground.

"He urged his followers onward with frantic eagerness, and the whole party pushed on at their best speed, the white men having abandoned their litters to march on foot. They had gone a very short distance further when the sounds of battle began to reach their ears.

"A fierce struggle was in progress at the mouth of the ravine, where it suddenly opened out into the broad and level plain beyond. As they drew near to the scene of hostilities, the natives rushed forward with loud shouts to join in the defense against the invaders, and even the white travelers could not help sharing their eagerness in a measure.

"The situation was an exciting one. The Katendis had recovered from the surprise of the first attack, and were making a stout resistance. They had thrown a rough barricade of tree trunks across the mouth of the ravine, and behind this they stood in close order, steadily maintaining their position against the Kabangos, who were striving desperately to break through the obstacle. Others of the defenders had climbed the rocks on either side, and were rolling down stones and boulders upon the assailants, every time they charged against the barricade.

"The Kabangos possessed a few old-fashioned flintlock muskets, but the guns were so poor and their marksmanship so defective that they had cast the fire-arms aside, and were relying upon their short

spears, which were deadly weapons in hand to hand fighting. In spite of heavy losses they were pressing on so recklessly, and in such superior numbers, that the Katendis began to waver.

"Just as the travelers came upon the scene, two or three of the Kabangos succeeded in climbing the barricade, and from it they sprang down among the Katendis. Their ranks wavered, and it seemed as if they must be conquered, for their enemies began to swarm over the defenses at the same point.

"The situation was a critical one for the white men too. They could not hope to escape or be spared in case the fierce Kabangos succeeded in overcoming their present allies. Both policy and inclination led them to aid the defenders to the utmost of their powers.

"Dick Broadhead rushed to the spot where the attackers had surmounted the barricade. He fired his rifle once, and then rushed into the thick of the fight, where fire-arms were of little use, with a short assegai which he took from a fallen warrior.

"Griswold, Carter, and Norman Vinecut were with him, and the relief they brought proved timely. The rifle shot, and the sudden appearance of the four whites, took the Kabangos by surprise, and created almost a panic among them, while it cheered and encouraged the Katendis.

"The bold assailants who had surmounted the barricade were now attacked on every side, and most of them were mown down, while the others escaped only by scrambling over the tree trunks again. Among these Dick Broadhead especially noticed a young warrior apparently of about sixteen years, whose richly decorated dress and arms showed that he must be the son of some great chief among the Kabangos. He had been prominent among the assailants of the barricade, but at the sudden onslaught of the white men his courage failed him and he retreated hastily.

"The young Kabango must have observed Dick, too, as the result proved.

"The imminent danger to the defenders was now over, for the moment at least, and the vigor of the attack diminished. In obedience to orders from their leaders, the Kabangos withdrew to a little distance from the barricade. They had not abandoned the struggle, for they kept in close order, with their faces to the Katendis, who were too much exhausted to attempt pursuit.

"Were the attackers gathering themselves together for a final charge, or what new move did they intend? The matter was not long in doubt.

"A Kabango stepped forward from the ranks, holding up his unarmed hands as a sign of truce. When midway between the two armies, he shouted some words aloud in the Katendi dialect, which caused astonishment among the defenders. Jingo translated them thus:

"Klama, son of Bengula, the king of the Kabangos, will fight in single combat the young white chieftain who is among the Katendis. If he slays him, then shall the Katendis be the servants of the Kabangos; but if Klama is slain, then shall the Kabangos serve the Katendis."

"The meaning of this was clear: the youthful leader of the Kabangos, whom Dick had already encountered, challenged him to a single combat, on which the issue of the struggle was to depend!

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

IT AMUSES THE KING.

The people of Bavaria are peculiarly unfortunate with their kings. Everybody has heard of the wild extravagance and unseemly eccentricities of the late Ludwig, who capped the climax of his odd career by committing suicide; but he was a mild lunatic compared with his successor, Otto.

The latter is wholly mad, and is kept in close confinement, where peasant shooting is his favorite amusement. But the *Sun* assures us that no peasants are killed, although his majesty fancies that he has brought down several. The way they manage the royal sport is very simple.

A fine hunting rifle is handed to the king, and he immediately places himself in one of the windows of his castle. The rifle is loaded with a blank cartridge. A man is hired to post himself in a thicket and to emerge from it at a given signal. Immediately on his appearance a royal bead is drawn upon him. The king fires, the man falls, and the servants put him upon a stretcher and carry him off, while his majesty rubs his hands in delight. The peasant receives his pay, and puts in his application for another job.

SUMMER NOON.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The air is full of soothing sounds. The bee,
Within the waxen lily's honeyed cells,
In monotone of mellow measure tells
His yet unsated joyance; drowsily
The swallows spill their liquid melody
As down the sky they drop, and faintly swells
The tremulous tinkle of the far sheep bells,
While wind-harps sigh in every crowned tree.
Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie,
Upon their lips a merry harvest tune;
Knee-deep within a neighboring stream the
kine
Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine;
And like a dream of olden Arcady
Seems the sweet languor of the summer noon.

[This story commenced in No. 239.]

THE HAUNTED ENGINE;

OR,

JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Great River Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Deerfoot Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

I AM quite sure you have suspected the explanation of the supposed appearance of His Satanic Majesty on Forty-Nine.

You remember that Jack Marvin had ridden to Calumet, for the purpose of buying some presents for Christmas, which was the following day. Among these purchases was one of the most hideous false faces you ever saw.

Almost any one of these monstrosities is enough to scare a timid person out of his wits, and the one bought by Jack, with its horrible features, its inky color and the scarlet rings around the eyes, was so repulsive that his father was on the point of flinging it out of the ear window. He consented, however, that the boy might keep it, under his promise that he would not wear it on the street.

Well, after Jack was tucked away in the box on top of which his father sat, he found himself so cramped among the playthings and his father's overcoat and the cotton waste, that he could not sleep.

Nevertheless he found his quarters so warm that he decided to stay where he was, at any rate, as long as he could bear it. There was just enough air coming through the opening near his head to prevent the confinement from being uncomfortable.

Jack was wide awake when his father clambered over the tender to warn the treasure guards of their danger, but he supposed he was merely raking down the coal, so as to have it more convenient to shovel into the furnace.

When the whistle sounded he knew it meant danger, though he was far from suspecting its nature. He was on the point of forcing his way out of the box, when he heard the gruff voices of the two outlaws who had entered the cab.

The words uttered by them, together with some of the exclamations of the others, told Jack, young as he was, the nature of the peril, and he concluded that the best thing to do was to stay where he was.

Of course he heard what his father said, and the fact that his parent made no reference to him, convinced the youngster that he was doing precisely what he wished him to do.

With his ears wide open, he kept the run of incidents. He knew that two men were guarding the engine and that no one else was near him.

All at once came the thought of the false face at his elbow. Why could he not scare away these fellows and give the rest such a fright that he could run Forty-Nine into Rapidan? With a recklessness that perhaps was not strange in one of his years, he resolved to make the effort.

Removing his cap, he slipped the elastic mask over the crown of his head to his ears. Then the false face was in position.

He gently raised the lid of the box. The men were looking back toward the express car. Forty-Nine had ceased for a few minutes to blow off steam, and he expected he would be heard. But as noiselessly as possible he stepped out, softly let down the lid of the box and sat on it. Then turning his dreadful countenance toward the two men, he chuckled. They looked around just as he shoved the reversing rod over to the first forward notch and let on steam.

Jack had no thought that the engine was disconnected from the train, and he was as much astonished as any one when it leaped so suddenly away from the cars. He was



UNINTENTIONAL TRUTH.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Little boy, don't you know it is very wrong to use tobacco?"
LITTLE BOY.—"Who's a usual tobacco? Dat's a cigarette!"

DIVERS' DUTIES AND DANGERS.

ACCORDING to an interview of a reporter for the *Mail and Express* with No. 1 of the New York divers, it would seem that a good many stories set afloat about the condition of things under water after the wrecking of a big steamer are made out of whole cloth. For instance, drowned persons are never discovered sitting or standing in exactly the position they happened to be in when the ship went down. If the wreck is older than a couple of days they are much more likely to be found along the cabin ceiling.

New York divers, it appears, are sent for from different parts of the world, on account of their superior proficiency. "The reason for this," explained the A. No. 1 of the profession, already mentioned, "is that their work is done in the dark; for it's pitch dark under the water around New York. I suppose it's on account of the sewage. A diver from other waters can't work in those around New York. But a New York diver can work in the clear waters elsewhere twice as fast as the local divers, because his sense of touch—sense of touch under water—is so finely developed.

"We New York divers can tell various metals apart, if they are under water, by sense of touch; but if they are not under water we can feel no difference between them. Here, for instance, is a piece of copper and a piece of brass. Put them on the table and blindfold me, and I can't tell which is which. Chuck 'em in the basin and pour water over them, and I can tell the moment I touch the pieces which is the copper and which is the brass. You see we New York divers have to ply all kinds of trades in the dark."

"Do you dive much for treasure?"
"There's not much of that going on now. The biggest job of that kind was the Hussar. The work on that wreck had to be done many feet under the bed of the river."

"Right where she went down?"
"Right where she went down over a hundred years ago. A wreck remains just on the same spot where first she reaches bottom. As years roll on she works down, down into the bed of the river, and so, where the Hussar sank so long ago, lies her hulk. The divers got out the sternpost but didn't find any treasure."

"I don't believe that any treasure will be found on the site of the wreck. I have heard that official documents in England show that, after the Hussar struck, the treasure was loaded into her barge, which upset from the shifting of some boxes of the coin opposite a red house on Randall's Island."

"Some people have a crazy notion that Captain Kidd's vessel, with a vast deal of treasure, went down off Peekskill, and not long ago a syndicate employed a diver for two summers. He didn't find a trace of wreck. Some divers, who haven't been long enough in the profession to be constantly employed, and have a good deal of time on their hands, work old wrecks. For instance: The Commodore, off Stonington, the Isaac Newton, off Fort Lee, and the Thomas Morgan, off Yonkers; but there isn't a fair day's wages in such jobs."

"Sometimes, however, we hear of old wrecks that haven't been worked yet, and they are worth looking after. Two years ago one of us who was building the foundation for a pier of the bridge at Saybrook heard that a schooner loaded with coal and copper had gone down there some thirty-five years ago. He 'placed' the wreck and got out the cargo, which was still in prime condition."

"What does a diver's outfit consist of?"
"A boat, a pump, hose, lines and dress. The dress consists of layers of duck and rubber. The shoes weigh twenty pounds each. On his chest and back he carries forty pound weights. The helmet, when it has been placed over the diver's head, is firmly screwed into a copper collar that is attached to his dress. A weighted line is sunk to the spot he is to reach, and down that line he

goes with the life-line around his waist, and the hose, through which the air is pumped, attached to his helmet. Those who handle the life-line and hose must regulate these as he moves about below."

"What are a diver's working day and his wages?"

"Four hours and \$6. If he furnishes his own apparatus his wages are higher—\$35 to \$50 a day. For getting a hawser out of a steamer's screw I'd charge \$50 if I furnished my own apparatus."

"I suppose part of the charge is for the risks you run?"

"Yes, a diver is exposed to a good many dangers. One of them, you'll be surprised to learn, is falling asleep. On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below water is apt to make a diver sleepy. I once slept an hour and a half at the bottom of a wreck near Kingston, where I was laying pipe. Suppose that had happened in the channel near Governor's Island, where the tide runs so swift that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water! If I'd slept over that one hour the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the life-line and hose. Then in working wrecks there is the danger of getting jammed in between freight or of getting the hose or line tangled. When the hose snaps the frightful pressure kills the diver. He is sickeningly distorted by it."

A FOE TO THE SWEET TOOTH.

THE *New York Herald* announces the discovery of certain odd properties of a plant well-known in British India, which our American housewives will now doubtless be eager to have imported and put up as a barricade across the "jam" corner of the pantry. For this "peculiar property" is nothing more nor less than the ability to destroy in him who eats it the power of tasting sugar.

The plant's scientific name is *gymnema sylvestre*, it grows widely in the Deccan Peninsula and is also met with in Assam and on the Coromandel coast.

A late Governor of Madras and other residents of India who have tested its properties certify that chewing two or three leaves absolutely abolishes the tongue's power to taste sweetness. Professor Dyer's experiments with leaves, sent to him at Kew, in England, corroborate their testimony.

This plant is likely to prove a most valuable addition to the modern *materia medica*. Its power to destroy the taste of sweetness suggests its use by physicians to correct morbid craving for sweetsmeats, which is a source of widespread disorders of digestion.

General Elles, of Madras, is reported as having found that *gymnema* also abolishes "the power of enjoying a cigar." While smokers may not relish this, physicians may prize immensely a plant which, administered to patients who use tobacco to excess, would, for a time at least, check inordinate smoking. The power of the plant to render tasteless many drugs which are extremely nauseous, promises to commend it to the medical profession.

A HOMESICK SNAKE.

Dogs and horses have been credited with a vast amount of intelligence, but it is certainly surprising to learn that the rattlesnake pays attention to conversation going on around him. Yet it is related that some Americans recently going through the Jardines Plantas stopped to look at a Virginian rattlesnake in a cage. It lay motionless, apparently asleep, but when two of the party who lingered behind, began to speak in English, it moved, lifted its head, and gave every sign of interest. They went away and returned to the cage later, conversing in French, but the snake made no movement till they began again to talk in English.

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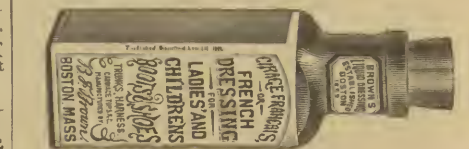
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